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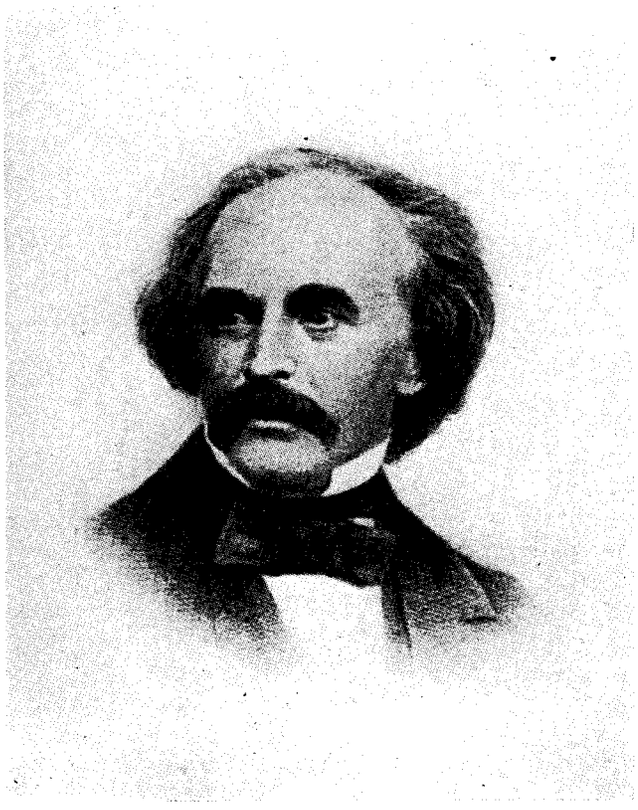
The New Psychology in Old Fiction

BY HERBERT J. MULLER

NO literary performance is more distinctively modern than the "psychological study," and no quality more highly regarded today than subtlety. These studies are fathered by the realistic, scientific spirit, the current demand that fiction be "authentic," and parallel the rise of the "new psychology." They are also the sign of a devaluated age oppressed by notions of immense complexity and grown the more profoundly uncertain as it has grown more knowing—an age torn between an eagerness for hints for mental hygiene and a fear of being taken in. Hence, while some acclaim these performances as further evidence of our emancipation from ignorance, superstition, and prejudice, others deplore them as a morbid obsession with our symptoms, a further complication of our disease. As usual, the reader pays his money and takes his choice. But also as usual, a historical perspective will mar the simple pleasure of pointing with pride or viewing with alarm. Although our benighted ancestors were less conscious of what they were up to, they, too, presented case histories. Intuitively, without our elaborate apparatus, they made some studies that would do credit to a professional today.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Perhaps most striking in this kind is the "Electra" of Euripides, since we have for purposes of comparison Eugene O'Neill's ultra-modern version. The old Greek play has not only the sultriness and feverish intensity of "Mourning Becomes Electra" but the same abnormal psychology as motivation; the essential "complexes" are all here, explicitly suggested if undefined. Electra originally had a strong preference for her father—what we now label an Œdipus complex—and developed a pronounced neurosis because of her enforced virginity as well as her prolonged brooding over his murder. She is indeed a more complicated woman than O'Neill's Lavinia Mannon, at once more shaded and more violent in her incongruities, and Euripides's whole study is subtler and more convincing. Although O'Neill throws in for good measure an extra complex or two, such as the gratuitous incest motif, essentially he simplifies and syllogizes, forces the story into crudely diagrammatic patterns. Like so many contemporaries bedazzled by the new psychology, he proclaims the complexity of the human soul but in practice reduces it to a new set of simplicities.

The novel, however, has for long been the chief psychological laboratory, offering as it does such unlimited opportunity for detailed analysis. Stendhal and Flaubert, George Eliot and Meredith, Dostoievsky and Tolstoy—all perceived the complexity of mental experience, the obscure, irrational, incongruous elements of personality and behavior, and all made studies that even by modern standards are subtle and "authentic." And especially interesting from this point of view is American fiction. Through the work of Hawthorne, Melville, Holmes, Howells, and others one can get an excellent perspective on contemporary explorations of the inner world, seeing how our motives and interests are at once like and unlike those of our ancestors, our discoveries at once old and new—seeing all the peculiar characteristics of the "modern spirit," and all its linkages with the long history of a creature whose fundamental biological needs and psychological processes have not been altered by his intense awareness of them or his new names for them.

"There was the great American evil," writes Van Wyck Brooks of New England in the last century, "morbid introspection, class-distinctions that were unconfessed, scruples of conscience, secrets that ought to be exposed to common sense, forms of speech and phrases, ugly and distorted, the outward and visible signs of the twisted life within." There was, in other words, a haunting sense of guilt. It was the matrix of much of the thought and the art of this outwardly so smug and moral province. And it was especially acute in Nathaniel Hawthorne. As Emerson noted in his Journal, Hawthorne "had done more justice than any other to the shades of life"; and for all his life he lived in and with the shades.

Hawthorne was a moralist, not a psychologist. He was interested in general ideas rather than anatomical operations; his main object in all his tales was not to analyze the causes and processes but to demonstrate the consequences of guilt. This obsession alone stamps him today as old-fashioned (not to say neurotic), but what makes him seem especially quaint to sophisticates is that he saw sin where they see only freedom from inhibitions. Tolerant and humane though he was, he took his sin for granted, accepting the main commandments of the New England moral code. Yet his studies of conscience are none the less pertinent and profound. Although men's notions of right and wrong are relative and mutable, a line is

Next Week

THE NATURE OF NATURE WRITING
By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

40,000 AGAINST THE ARCTIC
By H. P. SMOLKA
Reviewed by Duncan Aikman

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inevitably drawn somewhere, and he who crosses it suffers; conscience remains an inexorable fact of human nature even in this emancipated age. That the grounds and appearances of guilt have shifted does not destroy the validity of Hawthorne's demonstrations of the psychological consequences of the consciousness of guilt. Indeed, Freudians can subscribe to his many studies of neurotics, notably the effects of "repression" in Dimmesdale and Chillingworth of "The Scarlet Letter." Here again the latest thing in mental hygiene proves to be only a modernistic variant of an ancient religious precept.

Far more "advanced," however, is the achievement of Herman Melville. At first glance, he may appear to be simply one of the unaccountable wild birds—like Blake and the Brontë sisters—who in any age are likely to disrupt the coziness of the literary scene, and he does belong finally with the great eccentrics; yet he was also in the main line of development in his century, facing the future even if he did not perceive steadily that it *was* the future. The implications of his work deserve far more attention than the space of this essay permits.

"The Ambiguities" is the subtitle of "Pierre"—but it might be prefixed to most of Melville's work. These ambiguities are both ethical and psychological. He was in the first place definitely in revolt against the religious and moral ideas of his age, in the face of critical abuse remaining true to his own "darker consciousness"; and this revolt reached its climax in the phantasmagoria of "Pierre." "In those Hyperborean regions, to which enthusiastic Truth and Earnestness, and Independence, will invariably lead a mind fitted by nature or profound and fearless thought," he writes here, "all objects are seen in a dubious, uncertain, and refracting light. Viewed through that rarefied atmosphere, the most immemorially admitted maxims of men begin to slide and fluctuate, and finally become wholly inverted." But the strange symbols in this work, more plainly than in "Moby Dick," have a psychological significance as well, representing the deep, obscure, unconscious tendencies in the human mind that carry one beyond good and evil, finally beyond self. How far Melville himself was aware of all these meanings is not clear—he was a thwart, disnatur'd genius, and manifestly a subject for psychoanalysts. One cannot even be certain what are these meanings—critics are still puzzling over "Pierre," finding almost anything they look for. Yet Melville set out consciously to explore the innermost recesses of the human soul; and no explorer has been more daring.

After Melville, the speculations of Oliver Wendell Holmes seem tame. They nevertheless have a modern, even a scientific air. Although the sprightly doctor was, like Hawthorne, essentially a moralist, not an analyst, he began to investigate the sources of guilt and question the standards by which it was judged, recognizing the difficulty of measuring the individual's responsibility. "I can't judge men's souls," confesses his spokesman in "Elsie Venner." This strange fable of a girl poisoned by the venom of a rattlesnake before she was born he wrote for the precise purpose of raising this troublesome issue: "Was Elsie morally responsible for the 'volitional' aberrations . . . known as sin, and . . . punished as crime?" And although as an amateur novelist Holmes offered no particular subtlety of characterization and indulged in little actual psychologizing, as a student of medicine he nosed about in the province of psychology and pointed the kind of game Freud was later to bag. In his essay "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," he mentions "obscure perceptions" and the "reflex action of the brain," ponders the influence of unconscious thoughts: "Old prejudices, that are ashamed to confess themselves, nudge our talking thought to utter their magisterial veto."

Even the gentle William Dean Howells plumbed psychological depths. His characters indeed often exhibit, with his manifest approval, an embarrassing reticence and an excruciatingly delicate moral sense; they are tormented by hobgoblins that to the hardened contemporary seem strangely unreal. Yet Howells was aware of dark, subterranean processes, complexities underlying the already complicated game of playing lady and gentleman. He anticipated the psychological realists in his frequent display of the irrelevancies, incongruities, and incoherencies of mental experience—the

(*Continued on page* 11)

Warning from the New Psychology

By ROBERTA TEALE SWARTZ

EARTH, marble-eyed in sleep,
Whose dreams are true,
Be careful what you dream:
The kangaroo
With his first leap startled the mind of God—
Great Plato's God-to-be, that is. *He* cried not "Stop!"
For it was He whose protoplasmic drop
Had flashed through ether to that salty stream
By which you nod.
What nightmares then, emerging from the foam!
You watched the wedgy reptiles roam
Smug with their air-sacs, closer to your heart,
And moaned, and turned, but nothing could ignore.
Your icy fillets did but come apart;
Glaciers you wore
Slipped from your shoulder-blades a little more.
And no one woke you. Earth! if you awake,
Shall you forget the mastodon mistake
And metacarpals in old fishes' fins?
When day begins, I think your head will ache.
You will be mumbling, "What was that I dreamt?"
And none will say,
While still, from not a single dream exempt,
Your dim subconscious keeps what passed the lens
(Pored over now by *homo sapiens*)
From Devon vertebrates in red sandstone
And here and there a brontosaurus bone
To filigree of fern-fronds etched in coal,
Or little wings that struck the gummy bole
Of trees in jungles just before the Flood,
And fastened flies in amber. O this mud
That crawls alive forever, next your breast!
The dormer eyelids, now, the torpid smile—
Your renovated crocodile—
He needn't try to hide there in the reeds!
And though the cockatoo with sulphur crest
Is beautiful, you could have waived the scream.
So, let those brown plush cat-tails lose their seeds;
Tree-toads may tremolo, and glow-worms gleam—
But since such fancies run to cosmic deeds
Be careful, Earth: be careful what you dream.

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A Naturalized Natural

*THE EDUCATION OF H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N. By Leonard Q. Ross. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.* 1937. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

BY this time everyone, including the mythical old lady from Dubuque, must know Mr. Kaplan—with stars. His satisfied "Hau Kay!", his unintentional puns, his verbal confusions and brilliances have been scattered everywhere, from the tables of metropolitan El Morocco to the agrarian purlieus—purlieus before swine. Parts of him have kept on emerging from the pages of *The New Yorker;* at last in book form and in fifteen chapters, he now appears *in toto,* charming, challenging, sly, insulting, belligerent, blundering, the dreamer, the appraiser, the Complete Man. With his round red face, his aggressive wavy hair, his perpetually confident smile, his two fountain pens, and a dislocated verb or two, Mr. Kaplan takes his rightful place with Dunne's Mr. Dooley, Irwin's Hashimura Togo, and Lardner's bushers as a nonchalant mangler of the English language.

But it is neither the absurdity (and accuracy) of his inflection nor the comedy of his grammatical dislocations which distinguishes Mr. Kaplan. It is his aplomb, his calm certainty among the complex mazes of diction, literature, history, and vocabulary which permits Mr. Kaplan to refer to "Abraham Lincohen, Valt Viterman, Mocktvain, and Jack Laundon" as outstanding Americans, to give the plural of cat as "Katz," to decline the verb "to fail" as "fail, failed, bankropt," to announce the positive, comparative, and superlative as "good, batter, high-cless," to find that the opposite of "new" is "second-hend," and to praise the English operas of "Goldberg and Solomon." The solecisms are as unpredictable as they are inevitable, but Mr. Kaplan does not live by grotesqueries alone. He grows by controversy, by devious (and uproarious) dialectics, by a combination of logic and daring which makes him not so much a type as a character. A character? A personage. He is both himself and a collection of classic figures; he is, by turns, Machiavelli, Micawber, the Wandering Jew—and always the undefeated, indubitable Mr. Kaplan.

The other characters are no less alive and stubbornly themselves. They, too, contend against the rigors of syntax and conjugation with varying success, but they lack Mr. Kaplan's bounce and bravado. Miss Mitnick is my own particular favorite. She is more than a foil; she is a symbol; even her creator is forced to concede that her plight is "that of common humanity's, faced by genius."

Sociologists will appreciate the subtleties by which the author (who also writes grimly under his real name) has depicted the adjustments of almost-Americans to the customs, culture, slang, and other linguistic refinements of These States. But Mr. and Mrs. Legion will take this book to their hearts for its gorgeous humor and its ingratiating humanity, its moments of unforced tenderness and its hours of sheer fun, its appalling finalities —"all men," says Mr. Kaplan, slightly paraphrasing the Emancipation Proclamation, "all men are created in the same way"—but most of all for its incomparable difference. It is, in its very alien originality, a naturalized "natural."

Unexplored Africa

GREAT MOTHER FOREST. By Attilio Gatti. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

THAT there should still be a "Darkest Africa," a territory vast and utterly unknown even to the natives circumhabiting it, seems scarcely credible, yet this tabu region exists, as Commander Gatti discovered when he penetrated the Kibali-Ituri jungle of Belgian Congo. Monsters lived there, the pygmies said, and its gods were unfriendly. The Congo Bongo (a beast to delight the late Vachel Lindsay) swung there by his horns from poisonous trees; the white pygmy elephant and the huge four-tusker were the gentlest of that cruel horde.

Although Commander Gatti had already spent thirteen years in Africa and knew it intimately, his last expedition was materially disappointing. His permit to photograph the giant gorilla did not permit him to shoot in self-defense, so close-up work was of course impossible. He had hoped to transport to European zoos two of the little-known okapi, a creature half zebra, half giraffe resembling almost indistinguishably the Samotherium of fifteen million years ago, but when his two captives died, despite the most devoted care, he was forbidden to seek more. Both the gorilla and the okapi, the author believes (though there will be many to doubt him) still exist by the thousands in West Africa.

But the expedition was by no means fruitless, and the book of it is delightful. Commander and Mrs. Gatti were able to study the habits of the okapi as none had before, and they endured the greatest hardships of weather and wilderness to check the native rumors of monsters in the forest. They made a sort of "Gulliver's Travels" among giants and pygmy men, visiting first the Watussi, a race probably of Egyptian origin, its people averaging seven to eight feet in height and able easily to jump over each others' heads. This is the first careful summary, to my knowledge, of their customs and history.

Commander Gatti is rare among explorers for his humanity and modesty before strange ways of living. The Leopard Men, those ghoulish murderers, the cunning cannibals whose communication is whistling, the lazy Bandande starving on the fertile Mountains of the Moon, the cruelest, most wanton animals, all elicit his charity, and he writes of them in a prose that is vivid, if very often unsure. "There are . . . long viscous creatures which look like flying eels with phosphorescent heads . . . strange crawlers that walk in reverse, with their eyes behind . . . flying sausages noisily and blindly knocking everywhere." The bird notes "descend . . . as so many little crystal balls bouncing down a steel staircase." The numerous photographs in the book are as various in quality, as splendid and as poor, as the author's prose.

THE OKAPI. THE FIRST SPECIMEN OF THIS ANIMAL EVER TO REACH AMERICA WAS RECENTLY DELIVERED TO THE BRONX ZOO.

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Edith Wharton

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

NOTHING is more difficult than to write justly of an accomplished literary craftsman recently dead. The first flush of novelty has long since departed, and the countenance, whether of mediocrity or of greatness, has not yet settled into the contours of a permanent reputation. So with Edith Wharton. I first wrote with warm admiration of her superlative skill as far back as 1902. My respect for her art has not lessened, indeed it has increased in the half a life time since; but in those years the fabric of American life has been rewoven, and what seemed true then as to the matter of her novels and short stories appears differently true today. But any conclusions set down at the moment when her unflagging energies have just ceased to function must be tentative.

Yet surely her position in American literature can be better assessed than before American fiction became sociological, and she with other great craftsmen in narrative began to seem old-fashioned. (This is not a criticism. Cervantes, Dickens, and Fielding would all have seemed old-fashioned to the sociologists.) It is clear now that Mrs. Wharton, and with her those other powerful woman writers, Miss Cather and Miss Glasgow, belongs to the tradition which includes Turgeniev rather than to the tradition which has been made famous by Tolstoy and Dostoievsky. These women emphasize the results of powerful evolutionary or revolutionary forces working upon groups, classes, and individuals rather than the forces themselves. They are moved, like Turgeniev, by the concrete, by men and women as one sees them in a moving picture, smiling, posturing, struggling, loving, dying, rather than by the blind forces behind them, although of these they are naturally aware. For their writing therefore, as again with Turgeniev, the utmost skill of analysis and intuition, the utmost nicety of description are required, for they are working with flesh and blood and brains often inarticulate, not with symbols, abstractions, or characters which, like Anna Karenina, are successful because their universal truth is unmistakable.

It is clear now, I think, that Edith Wharton's concern was specialized and definite. She was at heart a tragic writer, but her tragedies were tragic-comedies because the people of whom she wrote, as a class if not as individuals, were failures of less than heroic mould. Her theme was the second chapter of the failure to create an American aristocracy. The first had been written and sealed before her birth, when the Civil War finished the republican aristocracy of our agrarian age. The second chapter was her opportunity and that of many another American novelist. It was the history of industrial fortunes endeavoring to form a society, its center was New York which she knew so well, its tragic-comic figures were not the great industrialists who belong in another category of fiction, but those often attractive and sometimes absurd cosmopolitans struggling with their abundant money and their ugly houses and their too innocent apprehensions of the nature of a sophisticated civilization to set a tone and ideals of pleasure for a country not yet ready for polishing. If Edith Wharton had written only "The Age of Innocence," she would be remembered as the most competent imagination which dealt with this brittle society. She was in it, and yet thanks to her superior intellectuality, her friendship with great cosmopolitans like Henry James, and perhaps to circumstances of her private life, was, after her early years, never entirely of it. She got her detachment young, yet never was disillusioned of the charm of that sure superiority and complete confidence in a way of living which prepared a tragedy for Lily Barth, and gave a validity to the intrigues and the escapes she wrote of which perhaps did not exist except in the relativity of all crises great and small.

EDITH WHARTON IN 1884

For the decline and fall of this second American aristocracy was not in itself important. That society never had an American reality. It remembered the responsibility of its American ancestors (when it had any that were aristocrats) but accepted none for itself. It was essentially the gilding of a plutocracy. It produced no scholars (except in Boston), no political leaders, no masters of economic welfare. It was kindly and made no tyrants, vain and so flattered but did not enrich the arts, selfish and essentially afraid, as its constant escape to the irresponsibilities and guest-house conveniences of Europe proved very easily.

Mrs. Wharton did not have America to write about. She had only the soiled egret feathers and false decorations of America for her theme. What made her books valuable as well as successful was, first that she did them so well, and then that this brittle social caste was made significant by the relation between its own insignificance and the immense opportunities of wealth and possible influence which lay unused just beyond its feeble hands. Too Puritan to enjoy, too feeble to control, too shallow to create —all this Mrs. Wharton knew about her society, and made books which were felt and rightly felt to be more significant than the milieu they described.

In her one important departure from society and New York—in "Ethan Frome" —Mrs. Wharton wrote a striking footnote to her career. For in this famous story she turned to another dying class, inhibited and unstrung by different causes, but equally futile, equally doomed—the ethical New Englander. And it is to be noted that the success of this powerful story is due in great measure to its extreme artificiality, for it is as much artificed as a story of Poe's. Unlike Miss Glasgow with her broom-grass Virginians, Miss Cather with her pioneers or her New Mexicans, Mrs. Wharton does not move easily outside her own rigid and sophisticated caste. Only a *tour de force* could express the parallelisms she felt, and as a *tour de force* in comparison with the more genuine stories of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's country of the pointed firs, "Ethan Frome" must be regarded. But "A Sentimental Journey" is also a *tour de force,* not less excellent because the author could never have repeated it.

Of Mrs. Wharton's craftsmanship I have space to make only two remarks. It is emphatically the craftsmanship of Henry James, less subtle, less original, less rhetorical. The woman had the less power; but also the sure feminine grip upon that slippery verge beyond which life dissolves into a milky way of shimmering words. If she had been Henry James's secretary and collaborator instead of his pupil and friend we might have had a series of American novels which neither the great genius nor the great talent could achieve alone. One other friend Mrs. Wharton had, the influence of which was not so propitious. The woman's serializing magazine was not her downfall but it was surely her vice. An honest vice for she needed an income and a sufficient income can seldom be made from books alone. Yet surely if it is difficult to remember more than a few titles of her many works, the reason may be sought in serialization. She had the gift of story which magazines rightly buy, she had the more dangerous gift of glamour which the woman's magazine will bid up to the top of the market. In return, editors, who doubtless never attempted to influence by word or letter the course of her art, gave her that sense of a public that only now and then will take the rigorous, the logical, the complete in life, which can never be entirely absent from the imagination of the serial writer. I do not know how else to account for the competent

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mediocrity of so many of Mrs. Wharton's stories. And I feel sure that they are mediocre, for I once read through the proofs of one, no identification being attached, with no reaction except a pale admiration for so much clever writing that said nothing and did nothing. But she had earned her right to pot boil if she wished. "The House of Mirth," "The Age of Innocence," "Ethan Frome," and especially the two latter, justify all the honors which she was fortunate enough to receive in her lifetime. And they constitute an argument, if not a claim, for the future.

As Others See Us

OH, SAY CAN YOU SEE! By Lewis Browne. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

ALTHOUGH the Man from Mars has always been an effective literary device for showing us the too familiar from a fresh point of view, it has occurred to Mr. Browne that the same thing may be done without bringing in any inter-stellar visitors. Marco Polo's account of China was a report from one life to another, stars apart, and so today are the reports brought to us by travelers in Soviet Russia. But what of the converse? What does America look like through the eyes of, let us say, a youth from the U.S.S.R.? This is Mr. Browne's Man from Mars, Ivan Krassnaumov, a scientist young enough to be completely a product of Communist Russia. He comes to work in an American marine biological station, and he remains to wonder at the complexities and contradictions of this, to him, inexplicable land. Some of his discoveries we know only too well; of others we need to be reminded. Ivan comes quite unaware upon the phenomenon of plenty and scarcity existing side by side, upon the dilemmas raised by certain of our sex taboos, upon the pursuing suspicions of the police and the enmity of the Red-baiters. He escapes at last to his native country with all the relief of a Ulysses leaving behind the land of the Cyclops.

One of the best things about this tale is its pervading wit and good humor. Mr. Browne obviously had no intention of writing a corrective treatise nor of saying anything he couldn't say lightly. Not all of the jokes are on us, for Ivan has been permitted the naiveté to reveal some of his own absurdities, as well as the intelligence to see ours. This is all to the good. Some of the situations are stretched from satire dangerously close to burlesque, and some of the characters, a dowager or a pseudo-scientist, are plainly made of straw, for knocking down. But there is more than enough good sense and genuinely sharp observation to balance that, and the book is fine, lively reading all the way through.

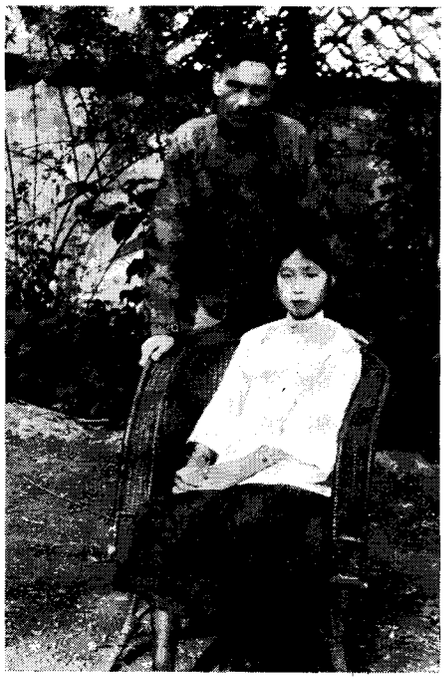
Lady of China

MADAME FLOWERY SENTIMENT. By Albert Gervais. New York: Covici-Friede. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

HOW marvelous the effect of racial spectacles! An author wearing those ground in the laboratory of French society, sees every object through a lens which admits an image different to that penetrating the lenses worn by his Anglo-Saxon cousins.

Albert Gervais is a doctor who practises in the far-off province of Szechwan —Four Rivers—where China abuts on Tibet. He has written several books on his unusual surroundings, among them the noteworthy "Æsculape en Chine," and now presents a fictionized autobiography. He, the doctor, is an actual person. Is Madame Flowery Sentiment, fascinating creature, a composite photograph of many ladies or has she a living prototype? Who knows? In any case she lives on every page of the book. Her personality vibrates. Whether she be sitting correctly in a big chair, "her face like a mask, lifeless and inscrutable"; whether she be returning the impassioned embraces of the doctor; whether she be telling the sad tale of her desertion by her husband, of her oppression by a tyrannical mother-in-law, whether she be confessing that she first called the doctor because she was suffering from "the malady of amorous desire;" whether she be discussing her intimate friends; or whether she be skillfully engineering some difficult project, Madame Flowery Sentiment—whose name is actually Sentiment-of-the-Flower-to-the-Fu-Yong-Hwa—is a faery character newly added to the most exclusive ranks of fiction.



ALBERT GERVAIS
With a Chinese acquaintance.

The book consists of ten vignettes, unconnected except in so far as they deal with the same individuals. Ten "happenings" each betraying the lady's charms from a different angle; each "happening" illumined by humor; each characteristically Chinese, each characteristically French. The final adventure, when the doctor, starting on home leave, is induced by Madame Flowery Sentiment to escort her, three of her "best friends," their maid servants, their man servants, and their innumerable packages across country to the banks of the Great River, is a delicious narrative.

The translation is sympathetically accomplished. A charming portrait by Covarrubias forms the frontispiece to this unusual and enchanting book.

A Recalcitrant Artist

THE LIFE OF PAUL GAUGUIN. By Robert Burnett. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $3.50.

WHEN legend builds up obscuringly—as it has in the case of the three great Post-Impressionist painters—it is time for factual biography to step in. For Cézanne we already have Gerstle Mack's sound and painstaking study, and now Mr. Robert Burnett follows suit in the case of Gauguin. Of course it is difficult for the factual biographer to keep clear of the spell of the legend. Here Mr. Burnett has yielded only to the extent of a little superfluous pretty writing—mostly at the beginning. Although he has had access to very little new material, he has made careful and sensible use of the abundant literature and ana concerning the great recalcitrant painter. His book is generally excellent. It would have been more effective if reduced to strictly biographical scope, by the abbreviation, for example, of background features which are much more vividly expressed in the writings of Gauguin himself. However, this is a negligible blemish which may be actually an advantage to readers who are too indolent to read "Noa Noa" and Gauguin's letters.

On two counts—the desertion of Gauguin's family, and the disastrous episode at Arles which ended in Van Gogh's insanity—Mr. Burnett justly asks for an attenuation of the usual harsh judgment on Gauguin. The legend of complete ruthlessness as regards his wife and family should be finally dispelled by this book.

Mr. Burnett has shown taste in letting the strangeness and picturesqueness of his material speak for itself. He has achieved his purpose of extracting the facts of Paul Gauguin's life from a dense accretion of legend. The text is clearly and competently composed, but lacks literary distinction.

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English '37

The Novelist and the Reader: IX

IN the later novels of Sherwood Anderson a characteristic kind of passage becomes increasingly common. I refer not to the communal disrobing scenes so completely criticized in Mr. Hemingway's "The Torrents of Spring" but to the Whitmanesque soliloquies on night, birth, blood fellowship, the soul's groping for brotherhood, the tragedy of the mind's failure to recognize its own deepest promptings, the solitude implicit in human life—on a great number of vague but passionately developed themes. The generality of readers find them not only unintelligible but actively and offensively dull. They have troubled some critics, and an intricate mechanism of analysis has been assembled to rationalize them, but their true weakness is immedately revealed when they are examined technically. Such passages are anomalies. They are rich with emotion; in fact they consist of nothing but emotion, and as such they are the material out of which fiction is made. But the emotion as it appears in the novel is not the emotion of the characters but that of Mr. Anderson himself. It is relevant only to him, not to the people he is writing about nor the relationships in which they exist. Fiction comes to a dead stop, and Mr. Anderson feels passionately and with great literary eloquence before our eyes.

When Thomas Wolfe's "Of Time and the River" appeared, it was sometimes compared to "Moby Dick." A more exact comparison would have mentioned Melville's "Pierre," which is also sown with long passages of unshaped emotion. At that period Melville frequently could not complete the process of creative transformation and was content to substitute rhetoric for fiction, which is what Mr. Wolfe does at his worst. Give him a chance at a railroad train roaring through the beautiful dark, the womb of time, the myriad-voiced America, or man's inhumanity to man, and the affairs of the Gant family will go by the board while Mr. Wolfe, in his own person, pulsates with a superhuman ecstasy or pain. What is wrong with such passages is not their intensity—in a period when fiction is on the whole decorous and anemic, anything with genuine vigor in it is doubly welcome—but precisely that they are in Mr. Wolfe's own person. That his novel deals with the imaginary Gant family may be something of a legal fiction, but the reader requires that pretence to be maintained. Once he takes up the novel he is concerned exclusively with the Gant family; he is not indifferent but actively hostile to Mr. Wolfe's feelings, however magnificent they might be in a non-fictional context.

It is sometimes said in praise of such elements of Mr. Anderson's and Mr. Wolfe's books that they are poetic. The inevitable reply is that fiction is fiction and poetry is poetry, and that when the methods of the two are blended you get something different from both and much less important than either. Both call on the same psychic resources, the same emotional vitality, but fiction must use it in its own way, shape it to its own purposes, or run into disaster. Emotion in the raw can be an attribute only of the characters whose lives are engaged with one another. When it is left undisturbed as an attribute of the author it has not yet become fiction.

Unquestionably, the novelist's own emotional experience supplies by far the greatest creative energy that goes into fiction. Psychology has not yet told us very much about what kind of man an artist is, what happens during the gestation of a novel, how the novelist's experience and invention and needs and lacks and compulsions and inhibitions produce the characters and the action of his book. Much will always be hidden from us but it is likely that psychoanalysis will eventually make clear more about the operations of the creative mind than it has yet done. (In John Charteris's library of unwritten books, the critic would give his days and nights to "Case Notes on Thomas Mann" by Sigmund Freud.) A novel is in part a phantasy in which the same direct emotions, the same drives and complexes, that operate in the novelist's mind utilize the same mechanisms to produce the same compromises and gratifications. There is as yet no way of knowing how much of the whole truth this is, except that it is not the whole: a purely psychological inquiry touches only a part of fiction. Fiction is more than phantasy. Moreover, in so far as it is phantasy, it is phantasy projected on someone else—on the characters of the novel. The reader who is bored by Mr. Anderson's soul or Mr. Wolfe's agony is bored because the projection has not been completed.

At this far fringe of a single technical problem we reach deeper waters than we need invade. Mark that it is also phantasy which produces Little Red Riding Hood, Roland's horn, and the stories of the Rhine Maiden's gold—and such folk tales are immortal. They are impersonal, anonymous: the personality of the author has been completely absorbed in the self-sustaining life of the tales themselves. No novelist stands between Roland and the reader, who, in accepting the phantasy and no doubt partially identifying with it, does not have to accommodate his response to an interpreter as well. Emotion reaches him only as implicit in the tale.

The novel, deliberate prose fiction, began as something other than a folk tale. Some of its earlier components have been discarded, none more completely than the original privilege of the novelist to mix his own unprojected emotions with those transformed into fiction, those made autonomous and systematic in strict conformity with the developing action of imaginary characters. The process by which the novelist has been forced to project his personality solely by means of and within the personality of his characters, has been practically continuous, lapsing only a little even in the great periods of romantic art. In such periods the ego of the artist is the first value, but even then the process by which fiction has purified its form has gone on.

Such passages as I have mentioned (they are by no means confined to Mr. Anderson or Mr. Wolfe, though they are by no means common) contain the stuff of fiction. But they have not been worked on, they have been kept in the raw state. They thus differ from the varieties of inert material which we have hitherto examined. A passage of description which is designed to give the scene an exterior reality, a passage of analysis which is designed to interpret the behavior of characters, a passage of exposition which is designed to give significance to the action of a novel—is fiction clumsily done. But after all it is written in terms of the novel; its meaning, however imperfectly conveyed, is a meaning of the novel, not of something outside.

But passages of emotion which has not been transformed, whose reference and relevance are not of the characters but of the novelist, have not yet become fiction at all. They cannot be called technically bad for they exist in a fœtal stage, a stage which is pre-technical. True, they halt the movement of fiction as effectively as if pages from the telephone book had been inserted in a death scene and they destroy the illusion altogether by focussing the author plain. But these objections have earlier been made against material which was acceptable in every way except its handling—you may have

(*Continued on page* 14)

The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Letters to the Editor: *Literature of Escape*

Reply to Mrs. Banning

SIR:—Margaret Culkin Banning's recent article on the literature of escape leads me to believe there is a need for an attempt to discover what is meant by escapist literature. It is quite true, as Mrs. Banning points out, that any literary work may be an escape for someone, even simple nature description (such as Peattie writes) or books on gardening. I would go even further and contradict the "college professor who holds that all writing which is not purely scientific should be placed in the escape category"; —that is, according to Mrs. Banning's apparent standards, I would contradict him. That science itself—including its literary expressions—is very often an escape for certain types of minds is well known to those who associate with scientists at all intimately.

All art and science, all creative activities, may be escapes. Clearly, if the concept of escapist literature is to be a useful one, it must be restricted in such a way that it includes somewhat less than the whole. If all works are tarred with the same brush, the tar means nothing. Discrimination must be used in applying it.

One method of discriminating is by differentiating between function and purpose. Since all works may *function* as escapes, we must eliminate function as a sufficient criterion for this classification. The *purpose* of furnishing escape must somehow be evident in escapist literature. Scientific works cannot properly be called escapist because their purpose is the exposition of facts which may exist and be true and interesting in any environment, independent of a need for escape.

I mean purpose in a broadly philosophic way, as including more than intent. For intent implies conscious purpose on the part of the creator. I think it must be admitted that a writer may produce genuine escapist literature without being aware of what he is doing. In fact, I believe many of the leading escapist writers would indignantly deny that their works were flights from reality.

To determine the purpose of a work we must examine the form and content of it. If it is so constructed as to necessarily function as escape to large numbers of people, it is escapist literature. To supply successful escape, it must possess two characteristics.

First. It must be a flight from reality. Such a flight may take any of several forms. Genuinely unreal events may be described, as in James Stephens's fairy stories. Or trivial things may be unduly emphasized; this is characteristic of the familiar essay. Again, the taking of unreasonably biased samples of the events of human life may result in that goody-goody writing known as "looking on the bright side of things." This may go so far as actually lying about the characteristics of human beings, of their psychology and physiology, and their mental and physical capacities. In order to make the lying less bald-faced, supermen and superwomen of divine virtue, courage, and purity are often set in the environment of other times and other places. If a man risks his life forty times in one day for the honor of a lady's handkerchief he must wear a suit of mail and carry an Excalibur to dispel the natural skeptical doubts of the reader, so that the escape may be consummated.

Second. The escapist work must not impel the reader to real action against the conditions from which he desires escape. If, in describing a more beautiful world, the artist implies condemnation of the present one, and if further he seems to say that our unhappiness is not inevitable and unescapable, then he is not writing escapist literature. When Margaret Mead describes the relatively idyllic maturation of Samoan children she does not supply a dream-world escape from our own sorry problems of adolescence. Similarly, economic Utopias are generally not literary escapes, for they attempt to motivate the reader. Stuart Chase's writings come in this category.

Of course, a book or story may contain both escapist and realistic aspects, so that in a particular case one may be rather hard put to select a label. Conceivably, a work may furnish escape to the readers of its own day and age, and yet live after the world has changed because of real merit. Perhaps the most purely escapist art-form is pornography, and it is because it is escapist that such moralists as D. H. Lawrence condemn it. Yet even in the field of "dirty jokes" there are some few stories which have undoubted beauty and genuine humor, so that they will live even when (if!) a real escape has been made to a more liberal and sensible world. Such bawdy masterpieces, like their uglier fellows, furnish escape, true; but they cannot be condemned and disposed of as escapist.

All literary works may furnish escape. But we must differentiate between those whose purpose is something more and those which, supplying dream-world flights from reality, lull the reader, as opiates can, to a false conception of real life, and to an insensitive and cowardly acquiescence of the status quo. It is the latter works which are immoral.

GARRETT HARDIN.

Chicago, Ill.

"WHO WROTE THIS JACKET BLURB? HOW MUCH LONGER AM I TO BE AN AUTHOR WHO WILL BEAR WATCHING?"

A Teacher on the SRL

SIR:—It gives me the greatest pleasure to comment upon the *Saturday Review of Literature*. Personally, I feel your own words describe your magazine perfectly: "a well-planned, interesting, and authoritative magazine."

I am a teacher of English and American literature, and as such, must necessarily know what in the field of current literature is worth reading and worthy of recommendation. In these days, when there is an overabundance of books being published, it is a great satisfaction to know that through your reliable and unbiased reviews, I am able to select the books that are worth reading, and to save time, energy, and patience in not reading those books which have little value and are of little interest.

Besides the reviews, comments, and editorials, I especially enjoy Elizabeth Kingsley's Double-Crostic each week. I also like the Criminal Record, enjoying as I do every little while, a really good detective novel.

It may be of interest to you to know that the Graduate School at Columbia University practically insists upon its English majors reading the *Saturday Review* as a part of the English courses. It was while I was a graduate student there that I cultivated the very worth while habit of reading the magazine from cover to cover.

EDNA BAXTER.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

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Girls Who Made Good

AMERICAN WOMEN: The Official Who's Who Among the Women of the Nation. Edited by Durward Howes. American Publications. 1937. $10.

Reviewed by MARJORIE HILLIS

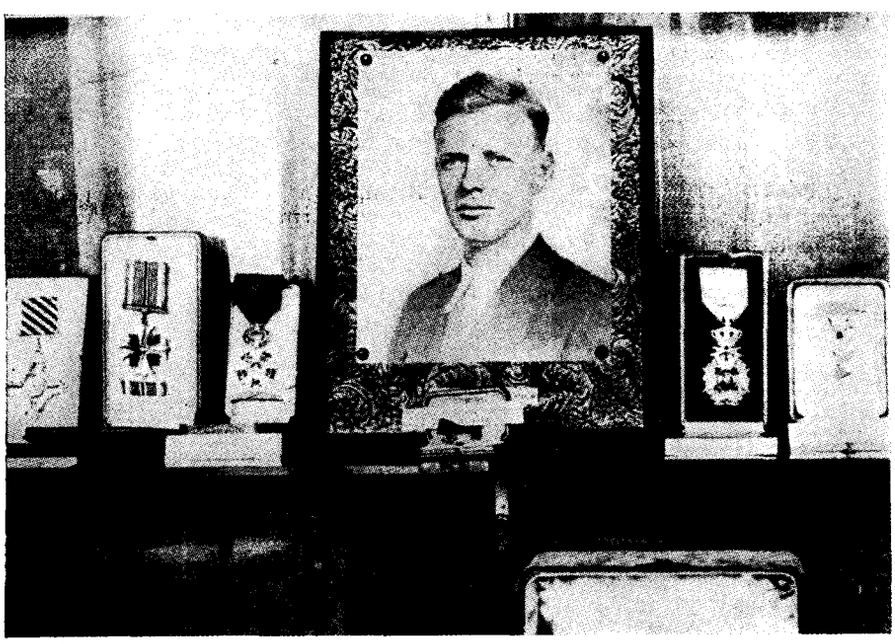
I HAVE just discovered what stands between me and distinction. It seems a simple enough matter, one that I ought to be able to remedy. It is, in fact, merely a hobby. If I could just write "music" after the word "hobbies" on a certain questionnaire, I would stand every chance of being as famous as anybody.

I found this out by studying the fascinating facts listed at the front of the 1937-1938 volume of "American Women: The Official Who's Who Among the Women of the Nation." Not that the editors have any musical bias, but merely that the figures go to show that the largest number of women who have achieved the distinction of being listed were—like me—born between 1887 and 1896, in either Illinois or New York, now live in New York, are unmarried, have no children, attended a college or university (but didn't necessarily graduate), are Protestants, Republicans, and authors, chose walking as their favorite sport, and —alas, not like me—music as their hobby.

I would have had the least chance of fame if I'd been born in Idaho before 1847 or after 1916, married, had twelve children, had no religious affiliations, joined the Progressive Party, made a hobby of hunting mushrooms, shot big game as a sport, and chosen to be an actuary, anatomist, bookbinder, cartographer, bishop, criminologist, druggist, ecologist, goldsmith, horologist, librettist, metallurgist, micologist, optometrist, oral surgeon, orthodontist, or silversmith.

But not even following these apparently unfeminine pursuits need have barred me from success, since one woman is listed under each of these headings, among a great many others. There are, in fact, about two hundred occupations in which the women of the nation seem to have achieved recognition—which in itself is a pretty exciting fact and one that ought to clear up any last remnants of the old theory that woman's lot in life is dull and monotonous. If you still aren't convinced, or if you are an aspiring young woman with ideas of your own which your family consider too unconventional to be practical, you might just call their attention to the ladies who have won distinction as archivists, cryptanalysts, and ranchers, for instance, which ought to make just about anything seem possible.

The archivists were the first to bring me to a halt, since my mental picture of a keeper of archives was that of an elderly, rather musty gentleman with a flowing beard and a mind living in the past. The first archivist listed in "American Women," however, is Marie Antoinette Beauregard, of Saint Louis, who "Originated and Installed the Lindbergh Trophy Gallery at the Jefferson Memorial." As everybody knows, this is an extraordinarily interesting exhibition, beautifully presented, and it held me—who am neither air-minded nor very museum-minded—fascinated for most of one afternoon. I suppose a man *could* have achieved the result, too, but I was interested to know that a woman did.



PART OF THE LINDBERGH TROPHY GALLERY IN ST. LOUIS, WHICH WAS ORIGINATED BY A WOMAN.
From Adams's "A History of the United States" (Scribners).

Reading on, with my dictionary in my other hand, I found the last shreds of belief that woman's place was in the home slipping from me. Louise Victoria Smith, Paleontologist, is listed as Assistant Professor at the University of Peiping. Marshall Keyser Holt, now a mining and chemical engineer in California, has been chemist for the West Java Sugar Exporting Station on the Island of Java. Dorothy Cross, archeologist, has been on an expedition to Iraq. And Ann Axtell Morris has dug in Yucatan, while Anna Hadwick Gayton goes in for Peruvian archeology.

For the benefit of those with political aspirations, I started to look up the lines in which one might hope for success, basing one's hopes on current achievements. But when I had discovered a Cabinet Official, Commissioner of Public Welfare, Justice of the Peace, Councilwoman, Director of Streets and Public Improvements, Superintendent of Streets, District Health Officer, District Attorney, Civil Service Examiner, Congresswoman, Senator, Foreign Minister, Judge, and County Treasurer—I decided, without going any further, that one might as well take one's pick of practically any government job, with the possible exception of the Presidency.

It is the ladies of more unusual calling who intrigue me most. Sarah Jane Barkus, for instance, is a Horologist—again upsetting a mental picture, this time of a little old man on a bench bending over the mysterious insides of a clock. Olive Wetzel Dennis is Engineer of Service on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad—a title with a distinctly masculine flavor. Daysie L. Procter manages the Elmendorf Company, which breeds thoroughbred horses, and previously she managed the largest breeding farm in the world. Sarah Van Hoosen Jones is manager of a 400-acre farm and specializes in cattle and poultry. And Louella E. Cable is Junior Aquatic Biologist in the United States Bureau of Fisheries. There are also one or more Cartographers, Graphologists, Illuminators, Anthologists, Art Dealers, Ceramists, Florists, Importers, Court Reporters, Float Builders, Financial Counselors, Marine Salvage Contractors, and Encausticists (the dictionary knows that one) to encourage career-starters looking for variety.

If, on the other hand, it's not variety that you want, but a field that seems to assure success by the very number of successful women in it, you'd better go in for Acting, Art, Education, Law, Writing, Chemistry, Editing, Politics, Lecturing, Library Work, Music, Newspaper Work, Medicine, Psychology, Research Work, Secretarial Work, or Social Work. The Writers and Educators lead, hands down.

You'd better not plan to be an inventor or manufacturer, for—assuming

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that "American Women" is comprehensive—the feminine world isn't much to boast of along these lines. The inventions seem to be confined to a type of furniture made from old boxes, a method of using light intensities and color, and a horology instrument called a Ticonometer, none of which have been pressing needs in my life to date. As for manufacturing, corsets, fraternity jewelry, cable grips, and candy cover the products listed —a curious and uninspiring assortment.

The admirable ladies in this volume belong to a vast number of clubs. These include The Buddies Friends, Eight et Forty, Supreme Forest Woodmen Circle, Daughters of—but perhaps I'd better not go into this after all.

In any case, only a very lazy woman could dip into "American Women" without finding that someone is doing something she'd like to do herself. While it is scarcely to be recommended as a book to be read straight through, it might not be a bad idea for any wage-earning woman to keep it as a bedside reference book for those low moments when she is worrying about a job.

Marjorie Hillis is the author of "Live Alone and Like It" and "Orchids on Your Budget."

A Philosopher on Immortality

THOUGHTS ON DEATH AND LIFE. By William Ernest Hocking. New York: Harper Brothers. 1937. $2.

THIS volume embodies the Ingersoll lecture at Harvard University on the subject of immortality and the Thomas lecture at the University of Chicago. It is an able and beautifully written analysis of the problem of immortality by one of the leading philosophers of America. The basis of the analysis is given in his distinction between the "excursive" and the "reflective" selves, the one "entangled in affairs" and the other "the self of detachment, maintaining its own independence and reserve from the entanglements of the attached, occupied and dated self." The reflective self is infinite in the sense that it "enjoys that negative wholeness which in various directions is unaware of limit." The "dated" self is finite and "limits itself to the narrow field of possibility it tends to actualize."

The thesis of the volume may be succintly summarized in the author's words: "The flux philosophy has been fascinated by the spurts and starts and flickerings of the dated self. . . . It has not noticed that it is the self which observes its own flickerings, which it could not do unless it also possessed a stabler mode of being, such as we are now finding in the reflective self. Unless there is something deeper than flux, flux can never know its own being."

Pyschology and Fiction

(*Continued from page* 4)

waifs and strays that persistently wander onto and clutter up the mental stage. And he made a number of acute studies of behavior, notably in "A Modern Instance." When I first read this novel I saw, I confess, only a surprisingly vigorous portrait of a proud, high-spirited, impulsive woman, a surprisingly subtle record of the deterioration of her self-indulgent husband—the one not quite so attractive, the other not quite so contemptible, as Howells intended. Then Ludwig Lewisohn came along, and I learned from his "Expression in America" that actually here is a "superb delineation" of "a predatory and possessive female of a peculiarly dangerous and noxious kind," who remorselessly breaks down the defenses of her good-natured husband and finally crushes him. This knowledge of her true character Howells did not fully admit even to himself; yet he had it, and despite himself it came out. If one doubts (as I still do) that he had any such subconscious intention, still it is significant that he has been awarded high psychological honors by a critic in the full flush of intoxication on Freud.

Late in his career, in such works as "Questionable Shapes," Howells dallied with supersensual matters, as had Hawthorne, Melville, Poe, and other writers before him. By this time the interest in mesmerism, telepathy, spiritualism, the varieties of mystical experience, and all the mysteries lurking in the penumbra of consciousness had attained some scientific respectability, having the authority of William James and the French school of psychologists. The earlier writers had sought in these matters material for fable and fantasy; their interest had been at least in part a sign of the age-old weakness for mumbo-jumbo. But it had also been sober and serious —serious enough to distress Hawthorne, who was at once fascinated and horrified by the vistas opened up. Mesmerism, to his spokesman in "The Blithedale Romance," meant the annihilation of the individual soul; spiritualism gave an appalling idea of the after-life, in which immortal spirits rang bells, upset tables, played on jews'-harps, and cut other capers beneath the dignity of a well-bred child. In general, these speculations were another sign of the growing awareness of the murky undercurrents of thought and feeling, the growing suspicion that there were more strange goings-on in the mind of man than had been dreamed of in his philosophy. They heralded the official discovery of the unconscious and the widespread interest today in abnormal psychology.

On the whole, the nineteenth century writers approached the province of psychology in a spirit different from that of the moderns. Their interest was primarily ethical, not scientific. They had no passion to analyze or dissect; they were concerned with the ends, not the whys and hows of behavior. Except for Melville, they kept a gentlemanly distance from the underground world. Although they were becoming more and more conscious of the complexities of mental experience, they were not yet obsessed by these complexities or greatly troubled by their implications. Today the whole situation is different, even apart from the rise of psychology as a science and the extraordinary propagation of specialists and experts. With the decay of old faiths and traditions, the heterogeneity and fluidity of modern society, the multiplied and shifting pressures, the distrust of the past and the uncertainty about the future—with the whole process of transvaluation —patterns of behavior are no longer standard and stable. The individual has perforce to work out his own salvation and inquire anxiously into what was once taken for granted; the question of motives is thrown wide open. Hence the rise of the psychological study and all the anatomies of conscience and consciousness. And hence, too, the popularity of a simple good story, like "Anthony Adverse" and "Gone With the Wind"—as surcease from complexity.

Yet I should emphasize at the end the underlying similarities—partly because the obvious is of all things the most frequently overlooked by a generation so habitually astute, partly because this generation is prone to be too self-conscious and complacent about both its triumphs and its miseries. Despite the preoccupation with diagnosis, the habit of scientific inquiry, the chief concern of modern writers, too, is ultimately ethical. Like their ancestors, they are combatting the sense of guilt, seeking justification for themselves and their readers. The problem of evil is now as always the central theme of literature; that men have different concepts of evil does not alter the fundamental identity of their impulses and attitudes in what they deem its presence. Much of our new knowledge about behavior, moreover, is essentially a more precise or more elaborate statement of what men have always known —perhaps without knowing that they knew. Our hosts of experts are more often in agreement with outmoded moralists than they are with one another. It is salutary, then, to follow the heady draughts of contemporary thought and art with an old-time chaser. One may incidentally be gratified by the knowledge that man can learn something about his behavior by other means than by systematically dredging his love-life or observing the twitchings of a decapitated frog. One may in any event keep a clearer head, realizing that today we have a corner on neither wisdom nor woe.

Herbert J. Muller is a member of the department of English of Purdue University. He has just completed a volume of critical studies of American literature.

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A Prophetic Dilemma

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE WESTERN WORLD. By Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1937. $5.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

UPON the large portions of his "History of Western Civilization" which deal with economic history, Mr. Barnes has grafted additional material, and a new book has flowered. From the Paleolithic to the present he surveys the ways men have made a living, the institutions they have built up to perpetuate those ways, and the ideas and doctrines they have held about them. Like most modern surveys, his book is heavily weighted in favor of recent times. Two hundred pages bring Mr. Barnes to the end of the Middle Ages. Over three-fifths of the remaining five hundred and fifty pages of the book are devoted to an analysis of contemporary economic life—which for Mr. Barnes is practically synonymous with all contemporary life. To the purist in such matters he is writing sociology rather than history. As in all Mr. Barnes's work, the bibliographical basis is excellent. Either in the notes or in the reading lists appended to each chapter, you will find listed almost everything of importance in the field, brought down fresh to 1937.

We know by now pretty much what to expect from Mr. Barnes. He writes good, clear English which, as his publishers have elsewhere stated with apparent pride, will not give the freshman mind undue cause for labor. There is no sparkle about him, however, and his works drone on in a way that just misses being good journalism. His point of view is one of the half-dozen known in this country as "liberalism." He is careful about establishing his facts, and his range among facts is encyclopedic. But he is pretty innocent about the process by which any thinker is obliged to arrange his facts in patterns or theories. With Mr. Barnes as with most of us, thinkers and non-thinkers, emotions arrange facts; but he likes to call his emotions the objective findings of science.

It is not very difficult to discern Mr. Barnes's emotions at work. Since a certain kind of conservative is full of admiration for the Middle Ages, he systematically sneers at medieval civilization. Since the villainous Nazis have made a dogma of Teutonic racial purity, he goes out of his way in an economic history to insist that the very blondness the Nazis worship is a proof of their impurity. The Teutons didn't even originate in Germany. "The present view is that they probably originally came from Africa, after which they were subject to much racial mixture which some anthropologists believe accounts for their blondness." There is certainly a kind of poetic justice in the notion of a distant African origin for Hitler, but one fears that it is a trifle too poetic.

Mr. Barnes's survey of contemporary society—almost half his book—is a long manifesto in favor of his brand of liberalism. This brand has its intellectual origins in English and French eighteenth-century empiricism (Locke, Voltaire, Rousseau, the *philosophes*) and its emotional antecedents in qualities of temperament too complex to trace here. It is an individualist and strongly optimistic doctrine. In the lifetime of Mr. Barnes, however, its individualism has been seized upon by tories anxious to fix society in existing molds. Its optimism has had rather hard going in the last few decades. Mr. Barnes has had to come over reluctantly to a belief in collectivism—in socialism and planning—comforting himself with the hope that true collectivism will prove to be true individualism, real obedience, real liberty. But he lacks the optimism liberals once had. "Actual control of industry," he writes, is passing rapidly into the hands of a relatively small group. Whether this implies that America will be controlled by an industrial autocracy or whether it will really simplify an eventual transfer of control to society by way of a socialistic state remains to be decided by the events of the future." There are those who suspect that both horns of this artificial dilemma are really one.

It is quite possible to question the reality of the dilemma. Upon it Mr. Barnes hangs his whole analysis of contemporary society. It pervades his detailed and often excellent description of modern banking, industry, agriculture, distribution, and economic theory. Berle and Means he swallows whole, though the more cautious economic writers are beginning to look more carefully at the details of that best seller. The thesis that all economic activity in capitalist countries is inevitably pyramiding into the hands of a few financiers who control our gigantic corporations is a convenient one, but it does not altogether correspond to the facts. Theoretically, there ought to be no place for the thousands of small truckmen who are so actively competing with our railroads. John Jones behind the wheel of his five-ton truck might be a symbol of the persistence of the small enterprise in the face of the giant corporations. No doubt General Motors will make the trucks, and the House of Morgan finance them. But you don't get rid of John Jones. There is surely no adequate evidence as yet that bigness and smallness are not *both* essential factors in contemporary economic life. The ultimate elimination of smallness is a matter for prophecy, not for history.

Letters from the Jungle

ELEPHANT DANCE. By Frances H. Flaherty. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $2.75.

FRANCES FLAHERTY, the wife of Robert Flaherty, maker of such superb motion pictures as *Moana, Man of Aran,* and, recently, *Elephant Boy,* has in this collection of letters to her children written vividly of India and adventures while helping her husband with his latest film. It is precisely because these are letters to adolescents that they are so explicit and colorful, though they are adult fare as well. Writing on the spot often on the high platforms from which the milling beasts below were photographed, Mrs. Flaherty has been able to reproduce the jungle but a degree less artfully than her husband has done on celluloid.

ELEPHANT TRACKER
From "Elephant Dance"

The flight of wild elephants before a thousand natives, the capture of a giant tusker by tame Jezebels of his own species, the awful jungle sounds of cats that chirp like birds and birds that mew like cats, are rendered to the life. So too are the desperate jitters that go to the making of any such film as *Elephant Boy.* Hollywood can contrive sets and retakes; Mr. Flaherty in India could not.

The fine realism of the author's story, and of her many photographs, is somewhat offset by a tendency to scamp the less cheery aspects of the life surrounding her. There were, to be sure, cobras in her palace, but the orchids grew from an essential Indian earth which she ignores.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

IV. It's Really Impressive

FAÇADE of the Palladium, the great temple of Pallas, shrine of the Trojan people. Below the pillared portico broad shallow steps descend. On one side a News Reel man is setting up his camera, on the other the Radio Voice of the *Evening Trojan* arranges his microphone.

I better try my acoustics, he says. Hey, News Reel, tell me how this sounds from over there.—He speaks into the mike, burlesquing himself.—This is the *Evening Trojan,* folks, covers Asia Minor like the plague. Your friend George Ilium, trying out his beautiful acoustics.

NEWS REEL—Is it acoustics or acowstics?

RADIO VOICE—Nerts. The broadcasting office has put the ban on Greek pronunciation. Talk Trojan.—Folks the great day is here and I wish you could watch it with me. Here comes King Priam and his fifty sons, by heck; excuse me I mean by Hecuba, the First Lady, or so we assume. Queen Hecuba is wearing a muslin overall which does more than justice to her royal stature—Lyde, where are you?

NEWS REEL—There's that cockney accent again.

RADIO VOICE—No it isn't, I don't mean Lady, I mean Lyde, Lyde the fashion reporter, she was to be here to help me describe the dresses.

NEWS REEL—She's doing a rush for the early edition.

RADIO VOICE—Then I'm sunk. I feel terrible today anyhow, we had a party down at Sarpedoni's last night. (He is adjusting the volume control, and these sentences come out with a terrific roar.) The whole crowd went off the deep end, I'll tell the world.

NEWS REEL—Evidently.

The populace is gathering; Ilium ducks behind one of the massive pillars to fortify himself with a slug from a flask, and then becomes professional:—

This is the Radio Voice of the *Evening Trojan,* speaking from the Palladium, historic temple of Pallas. Folks the great day is here and O boy O boy what a scene. I wish you could watch it with me, we've set up the mike right here on the portico of the temple and already the crowd is coming in. There never was such a turnout, it looks to me as though half the city is pouring into the square. It's as though they're all coming on purpose to show that in spite of some recent surprises we're not discouraged. It's regular Trojan weather, I never saw a sky so blue, the air is like wine. That reminds me, while I don't intend to annoy you with commercials I must just say that this is exactly the weather to have a look at the *Evening Trojan's* seaside bungalow development out at Saline Shores. Admission to the property by showing one of the coupons printed in the paper, and when you see what a dandy little homesite can be had for just a few drachmas down payment, well, all details in today's *Evening Trojan.*

The crowd is coming in faster and faster, orderly and in perfect silence. You know the old legend, this is the day sacred to the goddess, Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, protector of the Trojan state, and if everyone keeps silence the goddess herself will speak. Behind me in the temple her great image is surrounded with fresh flowers, the children of the city were up before dawn today gathering them on the slopes of Mount Ida. Of course admission to the temple is restricted to the clergy, high officers, ministers of state and the royal family, the rest of us remain respectfully outside and observe absolute silence. This is the first time one of these ceremonies has ever been broadcast and believe me the *Evening Trojan* had plenty difficulty persuading the high priests to let it be put on the air. I should like to add that though the goddess only speaks in moments of great national crisis, your favorite newspaper speaks every afternoon in News, Editorials, Features, Advertisements.

Now folks, they've opened a lane and the procession is coming through. It's really impressive, it's wonderful, I don't know how to describe it to you, it makes you realize how we all feel about this great city of ours. Some of the women are crying. Here's King Priam, I can see King Priam! I can see that splendid beard of his winding slowly round the throng. He's walking by Hecuba, our beloved Queen, and he's completely surrounded by a bodyguard of his sons. I don't know what it is, there's sort of a divinity about a king that really gets you, the crowd knows that silence is the rule but you can always trust our Trojan folks to know what to do, they make motions of applause without actually making a sound.

The King is walking up the steps of the temple. He and his officers are in full armor, it's really wonderful, we don't forget that though this is a day of armistice we are still engaged in a great war, certainly a sight like this brings out all one's patterotic emotions. It's certainly significant to think that we Trojans worship the goddess of wisdom and all those Greeks seem to worship is that big wooden horse they're building out there, think of it folks, making an idol out of a perfidious horse, certainly that's a sign of a crude civilization. It begins to look as though the Greek culture and Greek art and all that sort of thing had really been overrated.

King Priam and his bodyguard have halted at the top of the steps, they look over the crowd in dignified silence while the rest of the procession take their proper places. Folks this is really impressive, I don't know whether I can get any of it across to you, but honestly I could almost reach out and touch the King where he sits. The crowd has found its own way of expressing its feelings and still not break the silence, you can see ripples of approval, excitement, as their favorites come up to the steps and make their bow before approaching the temple. Here's Paris and Lady Helen, my she's beautiful, I wish you could see her like I do, she's wearing a blue sort of a robe and the Greek fillet in her hair, you don't realize until you see her in the full sunlight that her hair has a red light in it, I don't mean a traffic light folks, I mean a lovely sort of bronze shimmer. When you think of all the trouble she started it's surprising she's so popular, but it's the kind of trouble lots of us would like to have more of. She and Paris both get a wonderful reception, you can see it in people's faces. I think everyone respects Paris for being so persevering about keeping her here in Troy. Naturally the world's most beautiful woman would gravitate to the world's most beautiful city.

It's really wonderful the way this has all been worked out, there isn't a hitch anywhere, the soldiers are lined up on one side of the steps and the Junior League girls on the other, the girls are all in their natty uniforms and they certainly look slick with those Sam Browne belts and little doughboy caps, all standing just as serious and determined looking and so wonderfully reverent, I guess it's sort of symbolic of our Trojan idea of sex equality and giving women a share of citizenship. I believe we're a lot ahead of the rest of the world in that sort of thing. Look, I mean listen, here's something interesting, this is unusual, the crowd shows its interest, speaking of sex equality here are young Lieutenant Troilus and his sister Cassandra walking together, you know they're twins, remember they used to call them the Priamese Twins, I'm sorry folks that's terrible. It's interesting, two identical twins and such different ideas, Troilus is quite the military hero he just got his baptism of fire as I told you last night, and his sister

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Cassandra is leader of the T.L.D. that is making all these pacifist movements, it just goes to show what a real democracy we have here in Troy, all parties can get together when it's a question of the national welfare, it's really impressive. Troilus looks tremendously handsome and very serious, he goes on up the steps, Cassandra is very pale, I guess she doesn't approve of so much military display, but really it gets you. There are a lot of big shots coming in now, the members of the aristocracy who have seats reserved in the temple, oh here's something that certainly gives me a kick, here's Lord Pandarus the banker, you know how popular he is, they say he's really the power behind the finance ministry, he never takes office but he's the one who really pulls the strings, and with him is his lovely niece Cressida. That's wonderful of him, because Cressida has been on the spot, her father Doctor Calchas deserted to the enemy, and naturally people resented it, you can just see that her uncle wanted to give her his confidence and support by walking with her. Folks this is really dramatic, and you can see the crowd realize it, Cressida is wearing black, the only woman wearing black in this whole crowd, it's as if she's wearing mourning for what her father did. Say, she certainly has class, it's wonderful how that black becomes her, her face is sort of aloof but she certainly carries her head high, she doesn't seem to look at any one, you can see she's been through an ordeal and she certainly has the crowd's sympathy, it took courage to come here like this.

Wait a minute, I think something's happening that wasn't on the program. Wait a minute, folks, till I get the hang of this. King Priam is making a signal—well, say, for heaven's sake, it's a gas mask drill. I heard there was going to be a surprise and this is it. Certainly it's an amazing sight, honestly it's incredible. Wait a minute, get this, I'll try to tell you what happened. King Priam held up his hand and at that moment everyone here, all the troops and officials, and the Junior League, put on a gas mask. I wish you could see them, it's unbelievable, it's simply colossal. They've just handed me a slip of paper, it says to tell you this demonstration was secretly arranged by the high command to impress the public with the absolute solidarity of our will to win. Of course we had heard that the enemy were going to use gas but I had no idea our preparations for it were so complete. The crowd is simply thrilled. Stand by now, the King is making signals again, everyone is absolutely still, wearing those weird-looking masks. The high priest holds up his arms, it's the gesture for the silence, for the goddess to speak. I can only whisper, quiet everybody, stand by . . . . the royal family and the priests go inside the temple to kneel before the goddess . . . . the silence is ominous.

(A protracted hush. Then the Radio Voice continues in an awed whisper).

Could you hear that? There was a voice, a cry. I believe the goddess did say something . . . . Wait a moment, something queer's happening. There was a scream. Say, Colonel, can you see what's going on? The public's waiting to hear . . . . Just a moment, folks, stand by, I'll take care of you . . . . Nothing like this ever happened before, everybody's flabbergasted. In the middle of the silence Cassandra shouted something, the priests tried to stop her, it's a terrible thing to do. She broke away, she's run out here on the steps, she's haranguing the crowd and a whole flock of T.L.D. placards have appeared. It's another of those pacifist demonstrations. The King and the priests don't dare leave the presence of the goddess, the guards are trying to quiet her, she goes on irregardless. Zeusalmighty what a story! Wait a minute folks, I'll drag the mike over, see if we can catch what she says. You're certainly listening in on a unique event; excuse me brother I've got to get this mike over there; you're getting all this by courtesy of the *Evening Trojan,* News, Editorials, Features, Advertisements, read your newspaper for full details . . . . Please, miss, put it here where the radio audience can get it. . . .

CASSANDRA—She will not speak. The goddess will not speak. Do you expect Wisdom to reply to your folly? Is her temple a kennel, to profane it with the faces of dogs? Look at yourselves, look! Hideous and absurd, like grinning beasts, turning Wisdom's people to a pack of hounds to yap and slaver and destroy; turning beauty's world to madness. I warn you, Wisdom has fled this place. Animals, muzzled animals, answer me if you can.

RADIO VOICE—Folks she's right, it's extraordinary, they've all got the masks on, they can't speak, they can only make a sort of growling gobbling noise, really it does sound like a pack of dogs. Wait till I turn the mike so you can catch it. That shrill yapping is the girls in uniform, they're furious, they're trying to tear their masks off so they can answer her. Gosh, this is a terrible sacrilege! I can see our News Reel man working like mad to get pictures but I bet the censor never passes them. The T.L.D. banners are waving applause but all the others can do is growl. Now the priests have come out, they've got Cassandra under control but the crowd is milling around on the steps. I guess she's right, the goddess of Wisdom is out of town for the day. Here comes the King, folks it's King Priam himself, I wish you could see the look on his face, he's holding up his hand for silence. They say that means me too. Signing off, this is the *Evening*—

(One of the priests must have pulled him away from the mike).

(*To be continued*)

A Brief Adventure among the Loyalists

SINGLE TO SPAIN. By Keith Scott Watson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by JOHN C. DE WILDE

IT would perhaps be inappropriate to say that this is not a significant book; the publishers specifically warn the reader to expect "no profound opinions nor prophecies." Those who want an analysis of the forces struggling for supremacy in Spain must go elsewhere. Here they will find only a rather light, but very readable account of a young Englishman's experiences both as a soldier and a journalist. If one reads the book, it is solely for its human interest.

Watson came to Spain determined to enlist with the Loyalist forces. Amusingly enough he met with considerable difficulty. The Popular Front Committee at the frontier town of Port Bou was not greatly impressed with his union card or the letter of introduction from a Labor M.P. Only the intercession of a casual acquaintance enabled him to get credentials. Even then he was sarcastically reminded that in Spain fascism was not fought "by reading the *New Statesman* and *Nation* or attending advanced cocktail parties." After a period of desultory training near Barcelona he was shipped to the Madrid front. Some days of intense fighting sufficed to diminish his ardor to combat fascism in the trenches. He resigned and returned to his profession of journalism in Madrid. Ironically enough he was wounded by a bomb while covering an assignment in the heart of the city.

English '37

(*Continued from page* 8)

seen the novelist manipulating the strings, but at least the puppets were giving the show. When the novelist is heaving with emotion of his own, however, when he is throbbing with the tides of night or the soul, he has become the show and there are no longer any puppets. Technical criticism of them is therefore almost meaningless. All one can say is that the novelist has mistaken his medium. He is writing something which resembles Old Testament rhapsody but differs from it in vital ways; he is certainly not writing fiction. His material might prove to have the highest usefulness for fiction, but before it can become fiction it must be submitted to processes which are psychological rather than technical. It must stay longer in the tanning bath or the rising pan, it must be leavened—or whatever metaphor will suggest that a further transformation must occur before it can be given form. At any rate, the essential thing has not yet been done to it.

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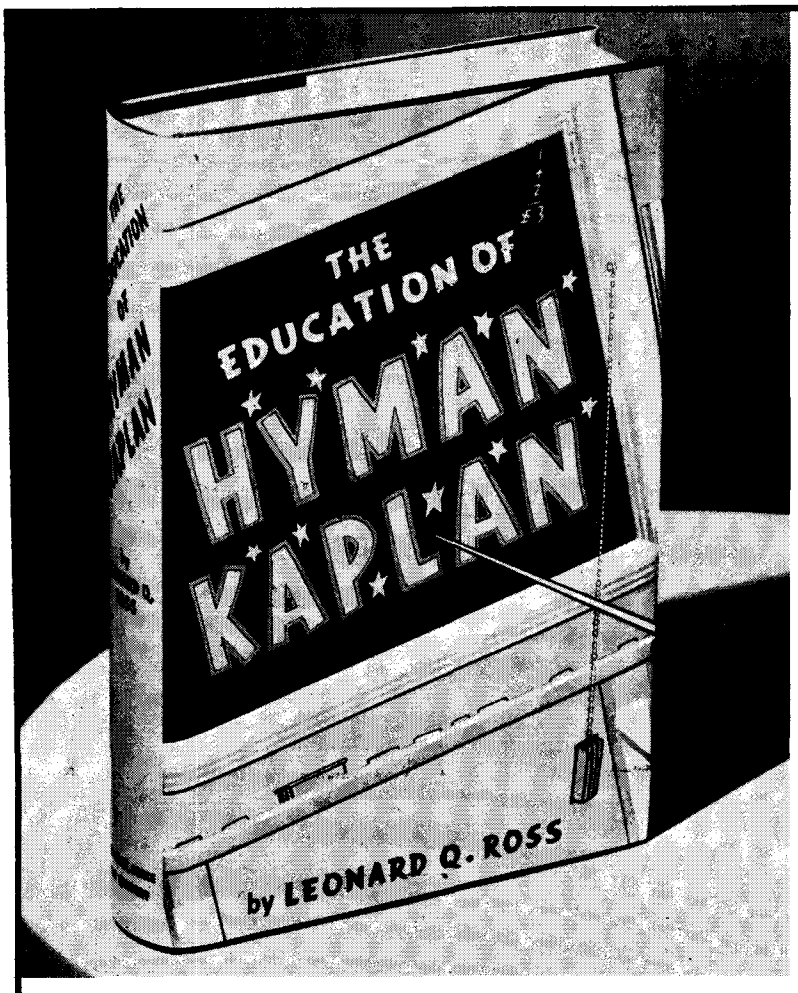

Hau Kay!!

H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N, sensation of *The New Yorker*, is now in a book! Ardent pupil in the American Night Preparatory School for adults; constant source of terror and bewilderment to Mr. "Pockheel," the teacher; logician extraordinary who conjugated the verb "to fail"—"fail, failed, bankropt"; who declared that the opposite of "new" is "second-hand"; —this incomparable figure, beloved by thousands, is here to stay. And with him are, of course, his fellow pupils, Mitnick, Bloom, Moskowitz, Sam Pinsky, and the others.

Just out, $2.00

THE EDUCATION OF H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N

by Leonard Q. Ross

William Saroyan's new book

Little Children

"It is a very much more effective Mr. Saroyan we have before us." —*N. Y. Times*

"These stories are remarkably effective . . . Above all, they bear the mark of a personality unique in American writing, already an important influence in the short story field."—*Saturday Review*

"An admirable demonstration of the art of the short story."—*The New Yorker*

$2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

by the author of "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze"

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Socialized Medicine

PUBLIC MEDICAL SERVICES. By Michael M. Davis. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1937. $1.50.

Reviewed by IRA S. WILE, M.D.

SPECIFIC governmental activities, in their attacks upon the disorders of man, have taken various forms. In general they have been based upon the traditions and precedents of their respective people. Taxes and government appropriations have been diversely employed but always for the improvement of public health. Mr. Davis, in this survey of tax-supported medical care in the United States, recognizes very clearly the shifting attitude towards disease and the effect upon public health policies. Since the beginning of the twentieth century, the conditions which have received the greatest measure of public health interest are those regarded as offering the greatest threat to communal health and welfare. Thus typhoid and yellow fever, malaria, trachoma, tuberculosis, and venereal diseases have been attacked vigorously through institutions supported by public taxes. There has been no uniformity in the mode of approach, nor has there been any common or accepted policy for providing medical care. The great advance in public health in the United States bears eloquent witness to the practical effectiveness of a continuing socialized procedure in combating epidemic disorders. There are various other diseases which can be controlled only by the efforts of society functioning as a unit. Infant mortality, for example, could not have been reduced effectively save by the mandatory pasteurization of milk, the sanitation of water sheds, and the purification of water supplies, the direct education of mothers in the care of food of infants, and the extensive provision of infant welfare stations. All these social projects are almost wholly on a tax-supporting base.

But times have changed again, and the major causes of current deaths are now not in the category of communicable or reportable diseases; heart disease, appendicitis, cancer, and diabetes are now the paramount public health problems. Our public health programs are broad in proportion to the recognition of disease hazards to the community as a whole. It is evident that the base can be broadened if society recognizes the social meaning of personal health. Individual health needs involve a widened social outlook. An appreciation of the social scope of modern medicine should involve an interpretation of its potentials in availability for all its citizens. Mr. Davis does not say so, but it is quite clear from the implication of his data, that he believes medical service on a tax-support base should be extended.

Admittedly there are three main reasons for continuing or extending socialized medical service, namely, dependency, public threat by contagious disease, and the costliness of diagnosis and treatment. A fourth one is in course of evolution; the growing demand for a socialized health service in the interest of all the people, regardless of indigency, or dependency created by vested interest or political legislation.

The problem of social medicine is not merely one of primary financial costs. It involves more serious questions of the possible quality of service and the probable political domination of medicine in terms of personnel and institutional administration. Mr. Davis is thoroughly correct in his statement that tax-supported medical care can only reflect the general level of public administration which characterizes the governmental unit of which it is a part. Certainly the most important single factor in improving the quality of service should be a professional participation in determining the framework of the administrative organization which will have to deal with the medical problems. Furthermore, the professional group should be held responsible for establishing the standardized qualifications for the professional personnel and, indeed, be obliged to accept the responsibility for the quality of service performed. This becomes possible if and when the American Medical Association enters into effective coöperation with a willingness to perfect a plan for social medicine.

It is noteworthy that, in 1929, $500,000,000 were expended for tax-supported medical care, of which only $100,000,000 were expended for public health departments, while the total medical fees themselves amounted to $2,830,000,000. The prolonged depression altered the relative proportion of expenditures considerably. A larger number of persons were unemployed and became dependent upon free institutional care. Physicians were victimized by a lessening of patients who could pay and a demand for greater unpaid activity in dispensaries and hospitals. Hence, today the relative proportion of medical care provided through taxes is probably higher than it was eight years ago, now probably amounting to between one-seventh and one-sixth of the total costs of illness.

During the years of depression the voluntary hospitals of the country showed a decrease of approximately eighty-one per cent of their usual receipts from private benefactors. The general hospital systems of the nation are suffering reduced incomes from their investments and there is a definite fear among medical men that through a plan of tax-support the State may step in to maintain existent hospitals, clinic and health centers, thereby permitting state domination of medicine.

Obviously, the problem of socialized medicine goes far beyond costs in terms of tax support. It involves a number of principles that concern human welfare. It transcends the acceptable provision of medical service to indigents and even the numerous questions related to the remuneration of physicians for their services in various fields of public service. Socialized medicine is far more than a problematic plan for compulsory health insurance. It has a deeper purpose than the extension of institutional care regardless of financial capacity to pay. It should be and is interested in much more than the factor of adequacy or inadequacy of medical service. Its deeper meaning is recognized by the American Medical Association when it concedes that government should be concerned with medical care because the health of citizens is and must be one of the paramount considerations of the State.

The main difficulty at present is bound up with various questions concerning the part that the organized medical profession shall play in the socialization of medicine. To what degree can and will organized medicine coöperate with organized government in the interest of justice, quality of service, and an adequate provision of public agencies, to be placed at the service of the medical profession in order properly to serve the needs of the community? This is the crux of the current agitation for and against socialized medicine. Organized medicine throughout the United States, to no small extent, fears the extension of institutional medicine with State funds, because governmentally maintained institutions practically entail the political control of the institution. The doctor is fighting for his freedom to practise medicine as an individual. Yet the stress upon the maintenance of personal understanding and confidence between physician and patient lacks its earlier force in this era of particularized institutions, with the tremendous increase of all sorts and conditions of specialists in the diagnosis and treatment of the ill. In the average factory-style regimentation of medical institutes, the personal relationship is largely theoretical rather than in accord with traditional practice. Laboratory procedures, specific diagnostics, and special forms of surgical care have shifted the close relationship of the patient from the individual physician to the medical group. As a result, however, the average patient is receiving better medical care than would be possible in an organization of socialized medicine dependent wholly upon the general practitioners. The rich and the poor, and the white collar class do not lack adequate care, whether they pay their way or occupy a bed at public expense.

From the standpoint of any community as a whole, there can be no question about an intelligently socialized program of medical service as an economy. The reason for the existence of such service should not be measured in terms of money but in terms of the advancement and satisfaction of life following the benefits which are bound to accrue to man as he succeeds in his effort to conquer the environment which threatens his well being. If poverty and disease have their roots in social causes, there is every reason to believe that their eradication calls for an intensive progressive methodology of social education. The tap root of socialized medicine lies in the efficacy of public medicine and in the social control of its application in the interest of more and better human living.

Dr. Ira S. Wile was Commissioner of Education for New York City from 1912 to 1918, has been editor of The Medical Review of Reviews, *and is a well known physician and lecturer on medicine.*

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Progress and Liberty

THIS FREEDOM OF OURS. By Frank Birch. Cambridge, Eng.: Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). 1937. $2.25.

THE SEVENTEEN MILLION. By Ogden L. Mills. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. $1.75.

THE STORY OF DICTATORSHIP FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TILL TODAY. By E. E. Kellett. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1937. $1.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

HERE are three books, the central theme of two of them being liberty and of the third its antithesis, namely authority in the most extreme form. All three authors accept the democratic dogma, are devoted to free institutions, and abhor dictatorship. Here, however, similarities cease. Mr. Birch is concerned with present-day British liberties as seen in the light of constitutional history. Mr. Mills maintains that the material progress made since the eighteenth century, particularly in the United States, can be explained by one word—freedom. After reviewing the performances of the world's greatest—and therefore worst—tyrants from Abimelech to Hitler, Mr. Kellett reaches the same conclusion.

The most striking single fact about "This Freedom of Ours" is that it embodies with only the slightest of alterations ten radio addresses of half an hour each plus one of twenty minutes, which were delivered over the B. B. C. network—hence its subtitle, "The Book of the Broadcast Talks." To American listeners-in, even on alleged "Educational Programs," the extremely high standard set by Mr. Birch will come with a distinct shock of surprise, not unaccompanied by pleasure. He chose a theme which any demagogue might have torn to tatters; indeed, the title seems to suggest something of the sort, but to that extent is quite misleading. Instead Mr. Birch traces the development from Magna Charta on down to the Public Order Act of 1936, first of British liberty as a whole, then of its various separate categories as related to the Church, and to political, economic, and social institutions. His final summing-up, fair and critical like all the rest of his work, is as follows:

> If we drew a graph today to represent the amount of liberty we possess of various kinds, civil, religious, and political liberties would stick up like mountain peaks, but the line would sag badly when it came to judicial liberty, and only deep valleys of depression would mark economic and social freedom.

Obviously Mr. Birch undertook a most difficult task in preparing so vast and technical a subject for broadcasting. It would have been far easier to write about it in scholarly fashion, say to the extent of two or three fat volumes. Nor can there be any doubt that he possesses the historical and legal learning requisite for such a task. But to condense materials sufficient for so erudite a study into eleven brief radio talks, totalling only some 50,000 words! Impossible, unless, as happened to be the case, the author possessed rare gifts as a teacher and popularizer.

Mr. Mills is quite as devoted to liberty as his British confrère. With this difference, however, that the American, while making occasional obeisance to civil liberties, is clearly preoccupied with liberty *à la* Herbert Hoover, that is freedom for business enterprise. The immediate purpose of the former Secretary of the Treasury as implied by his title, "The Seventeen Million" (*i.e.*, the seventeen million who voted for Mr. Landon in November, 1936), is to outline for them "a common philosophy" and "a political program based on that philosophy." In effect, therefore, Mr. Mills's book may be regarded as the first specimen of "campaign literature" to be contributed to the presidential contest of 1940. Whether it conceals any *arrière pensée* as to who should be the Republican standard bearer three years hence is, of course, out of the province of a mere book reviewer.

However that may be, Mr. Mills's discussion, while individualistic and even states-rights to an extreme degree, does show a distinct advance of social consciousness over G. O. P. doctrines current during the booming, devil-may-care twenties. As one would expect, the former Secretary of the Treasury is most forceful in his discussion of economic topics—public extravagance, the unbalanced budget, the growth of bureaucracy, the A. A. A. and the N. R. A., although he is judicious enough to concede that "much of what has been done under the New Deal is praiseworthy and helpful."

In his "Story of Dictatorship" Mr. Kellett's principal characters, besides the two "horrible examples" already mentioned, are Cleisthenes, Gelo, Dionysius, Agathocles, the de' Medici, Cæsar Borgia, the two Napoleons, Francia and Lopez of Paraguay, Salazar of Portugal, Dollfuss, Lenin, and Mussolini. Each of these is presented primarily in his role as a despot with all the resources that thorough historical knowledge can bring to bear upon his career. Naturally the complete record thus developed is sanguinary and revolting in the extreme. Mr. Kellett's greatest contributions, however, are to be found in the broad comparisons which he draws between tyrannies in the ancient and renaissance worlds and our contemporary dictatorships.

It is too much to expect that these three books will be welcomed by the censors of Italy, Germany, and Russia. Mr. Mills's little volume is certain to be distributed widely among our Liberty Leaguers who, however, scarcely need to read it. The scholarly studies by Messrs. Birch and Kellett deserve careful consideration by all Americans interested in history and political science.

Adventure

Great Mother Forest

by COMMANDER ATTILIO GATTI

A thrilling narrative of adventure and exploration in the "tabu" forests of the Belgian Congo, where natives fear to tread and strange legends linger. A book overflowing with dangerous encounters with savage beasts and primitive men. Illustrated with 74 superb photographs. $3.75

SCRIBNERS

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Inspirations of the Unconscious

SURREALISM. Edited by Herbert Read. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

THE five authors of this "definitive manifesto" speak for hundreds of painters, poets, and sculptors in some fourteen countries—including the Scandinavian. A world movement which here claims to provide a "scientific" theory of the nature of all creative activity, a new *ethos*, and a method for revolutionizing society, deserves something more searching by way of criticism than the Philistine horse-laugh, the maidenly shudder, or the Nazi formula for sterilization. The comprehensive and dogmatic exposition of Surrealism here contained makes the volume indispensable for those "scientists, artists, philosophers, and socialists" to whom it is addressed both as a record of past achievement and a prophecy of great things to come. Herbert Read states the case for Surrealism in a ninety-one-page introduction. André Breton, Hugh Sykes Davies, and Paul Éluard contribute essays. George Hugnet provides a miniature anthology of Surrealist poetry since 1870. Ninety-six plates illustrate the work of all major Surrealist painters and sculptors.

It is now thirteen years since Breton, ex-Dadaist, drew up the first Surrealist Manifesto. Having renounced the cynical irresponsibility of Dada, Surrealists now promise through modern psychology and modern dialectics, "in the name of Marx and Freud," to dissolve the bonds which cramp the individual and warp social and political relationships; this through revelation of the "secrets of the self which are buried in every man alike," secrets which become universal truths if we concede the existence of a "collective unconscious." The dialectic method of Marx is invoked to express the relationship of contradiction between the world of objective fact and that of subjective fantasy. This contradiction the Surrealist resolves not by the "conscious exercise of talents" but through inspired irrational images conceived in the "distorting mirrors and underground labyrinths" of the unconscious.

Granted that Surrealists have "developed a magnificent iconography of melancholia and algolagnia," that Magritte, Tanguy, and Dali paint with consummate skill, that the imagery of Éluard and Soupault cuts through the staleness of traditional poetic forms—what of Surrealism as a "social weapon"? Questions arise to which the authors of this book offer no adequate answers. Is Surrealism "the natural and inevitable product of historical forces"? Is the Surrealist "dialectic" Marxist or pseudo-Marxist? Will social psychologists support the validity, as *social* symbols, of Dali's watches and Breton's sewing machine and umbrella meeting by chance on an operating table? Can the Surrealists psychoanalyze society? Can historical materialists, who base their hope for man's future on rather practical changes in the material world, accept Surrealism as the application of materialism to art? Will art historians agree to "identify romanticism with the artist and classicism with Society"? Will, finally, all those who share the Surrealist scorn for a social order which tolerates fantastic extremes of wealth and poverty, which ploughs under food while farmers starve, which preaches peace and practises mass murder—will not these mistrust a movement which "devotes itself to the liberation of men," but proposes to do so by "unremitting defeatism, demoralization, and aggressiveness," using "automatism as a means of winning from man that self-illumination which is needed for his final enfranchisement"? The *mal du siècle* is still with us, to be sure; but Surrealism, at this point of time, looks rather less like its cure, and rather more like its most revealing symptom.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HUNTED *George Gibbs* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Three murders, one in N. Y., t'others in shadow of Haunted Mesa, solved by G-men and second-sighted Maw Cassidy.	Indian legends and scholastic skulduggery pleasantly combined, with "divination," romance, archeology, and Southwestern scenery as side dishes.	Entertaining
MURDER IN THE FLAGSHIP *P. Walker Taylor* (Mill: $2.)	Lieut.-Cmd'r Skelling got beastly drunk and badly killed. South African sleuths and sardonic naval officer sift flimsy clues.	Opening chapters interesting but investigation gets duller and duller till you don't care much who slit Skelling's weasand.	Aggravating
MURDER À LA RICHELIEU *Anita Blackmon* (Crime Club: $2.)	Four murders in family hostelry involve four dicks, one a victim, and one the stout, crotchety, but redoubtable Adelaide Adams.	Distinctly on gory side, with ramifications that run away with plot. Plenitude of shivery moments, however, and sleuths to burn.	Sanguinary

A Brief for Humanism

A HUMANE PSYCHOLOGY OF EDUCATION. By Jaime Castiello, S.J. New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.50.

Reviewed by B. E. BETTINGER

FATHER CASTIELLO'S long essay of warning against pragmatism, and for humanism, in education is mainly a restatement, in the form of a textbook for Christian educators, of practices advocated by the Catholic Church for centuries. In spite of respectful tribute to Freud, stress on science, and a bow to certain revolutionary artists for their contribution to the cultural total, there is no departure from traditional Catholic philosophy in education. Recognition of Freud—within limits—is hardly news from an institution which has never underrated sex—whose very insistence on its control has been open acknowledgment of its importance, the diatribes of St. Paul notwithstanding; and to admit that a form of confession is good for the soul, and the mind, is not surprising. Nor is approval of certain revolutionary artists out of line with the long-range—though certainly not always immediate—policy of a church which has canonized free will and the supremacy of conscience over bishops under the name of St. Joan.

In his battle against pragmatism, Father Castiello relies more on arguments for a belief in the unique, spiritual nature of man, as opposed to other forms of life, than on extended analysis and attack against other theories. Occasionally, however, he names names—Dewey, Thorndike, Pavlov—and sets out to refute philosophies. Especially he questions conclusions drawn from the rat-and-the-maze experiments about the educability of animals, the validity of the behaviorist school, and the possibility of "conditioning" men. "If human nature is to be patterned and trained," he concludes, "it must be done according to the laws of human nature," not according to the laws of machines or mere animals, who react only to the instincts of hunger and sex. At certain points one might wish that the research and illustrations had been carried farther, that statements were made a little less dogmatically—Father Castiello does not seem to give due credit to bees, ants, squirrels, when he says that animals merely react and do not plan, although one must agree with him about poems and calculus.

The humane psychology of education urged by Father Castiello will not seem the answer to all kinds and conditions of men, but according to Dr. Jung there are fewer nervous collapses among people developed under it—practising Catholics—than among any other group. This might recommend its consideration in the pursuit of happiness. One oversight in the book—deliberate or not—will strike readers in this or any other modern country; Father Castiello speaks only of the education of boys. This may be because, as Professor of Educational Psychology in the Graduate School at Fordham University, he is writing for students who will be teachers in schools for boys and young men, restating the need for the integrated personality in an unsettled age.

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Literature in Holland

BY PETE VERHOOG

HOLLAND is over-educated in some ways. Many Hollanders read, besides widely in their own tongue, much in one or more other tongue. Dutch literati will often read everything of importance in several other languages. I know a literary Hollander who, with a stupefying memory, can tell you of almost any line of verse whether it resembles a certain line in French or German, classic or modern.

As for our own literature, the last half century in Holland has yielded a subtle, and often unique, production in poetry, which might compete with the best poetry in other countries; it has had only one playwright really worth mentioning (Herman Heyermans, who wrote "Ghetto," "Schakels," "Op Hoop van Zegen," played with success in New York); it has had a considerable prose, in a multi-colored and multi-lateral word-technique, but for the greater part unsuitable for translation. And it left whole moraines of critical essays: seven volumes of aftertalk within seven months after each meagre or anemic story. Many different criteria for the determination of verbal beauty were discovered, and when witty Menno Ter Braak, one of the few enjoyable essayists we have in Holland, got sick of it and tried to condense the many burning questions about word-esthetics into the single sentence "Is the author a real guy (*"vent"*) according to my opinion, or not?", some very important periodicals had material for the next twelve issues in the war that broke loose between Guy-ists ("Ventisten") and Anti-guyists. O glorious small spot on the globe, with such a past of human freedom, that this age of dangerous isms gives us only Ventisme to fight about.

The art of writing in Holland has known many phases since 1880. From the "golden" seventeenth century till that moment of resuscitation, our literature, with very few exceptions, had lowered itself into a bombastic and rhetoric decadence. Perhaps partly because Joost van den Vondel, our great classic poet, who began to write his first metric drama "Pascha" a few years before Shakespeare died, never did reach the hearts of the people as Shakespeare has done. The translation of the Staten-Bible, and the practical rhymes of a humorous and common-sense poetaster like "Father" Cats, have had more influence on our spoken language than brilliant "Lucifer" or "Gijsbrecht van Amstell."

The change came very suddenly and rather noisily, when after 1880 a group of young writers and other artists began to demolish the rhetorical age. Jacques Perk had already written his beautiful sonnets and died too young, when Lodewijk van Deyssel (K. J. L. Alberdingk Thijm, born 1864, and still living in Harlem), Albert Verweij (later professor in Leyden—died last year), Willem Kloos, and several others started their movement. In *De Nieuwe Gids,* a literary monthly, they vociferously expressed their ideas. They adored the spoken word. They painted with words. They became drunk with words. "The most individual expression for the most individual emotion," Kloos wanted his word-art to be. Painters mingled with them. Berlage and his followers started a new, rationalistic art in building. L. van Deijssel wrote his most militant essays to break with the past, a real art of scolding, but in a new language of a living beauty we had not heard since Vondel, Hooft, and Breero. Willem Kloos forged his passionate, exquisitely molded sonnets, Frederik van Eeden his gold and green mystic fairy-tale "Kleine Johannes," Jac. van Looy his colorful "Proza" (Nightcactus," "Tango," "Bullfight in Spain," 'Death of My Cat"), Ary Prins and A. van Oordt their weird historical visions, Herman Gorter the heathenish ecstasy of his "Mei."

"Eighty" was immediately followed by a generation with poets of the calibre of Henriette Roland Holst, P. C. Boutens, and J. H. Leopold, who consolidated the poetic art. But in prose the style suffered by epigonistic exaggeration. The naturalistic and painting tendencies were overcharged. It became a random smiting with adjectives, with neologic verbs and substantives of whimsical invention. As an example of the very relative value of contemporary criticism, one only has to remember the case of Querido, who wrote a swollen style, till Frits Hopman had the courage to write for the first time what it really seemed all about to him. Then the tempest broke loose, and the chorus of critics singing praise to the demiurge suddenly closed shop. And in the meantime J. H. Leopold had become an old man before they discovered the supreme beauty of his verses.

Louis Couperus (1863-1923), sensitive and aristocratic, was another great master in prose whose best work will be read as long as the Dutch language is spoken. Most of the Dutch books lose too much by translation, and it seems that the contents do not interest other countries. Of course Couperus has been much translated, and a book like "Iskander" should be widely read. Which other books might interest America is hard to say. Possibly a collection of stories, like "De dood betrapt" of S. Vestdijk. Or "Gabriel" by Henriette van Eyck, the story of a sunbeam, full of airy wit and unexpected turnings on which was bestowed a literary prize recently. And her humor is certainly no less than, for instance, that of Anita Loos. We have had too few humorous authors in Holland. The Dutchman is so exceedingly pessimistic, and more often rather ponderous, restrained, not easy to move on account of bulkiness. And very decent, always very decent, orthodox and decent. Even Huygens in the seventeenth century knew that a scatalogical pun in rhyme would be the only thing to make these very decent, restrained, orthodox citizens laugh.

In poetry the style-procedure and the scope in ideas underwent the greatest change of all. For 1880 beauty was outward and often delirious; in later years beauty became sad, a longing, a remorse, a deprivation. The artistic merrymakers were sobering up a bit. Gone seemed the wanton and luxurious joy in all the things that surround us. Writing poetry became like a competition between actual thought in image or ideal, and the strenuous strife in cutting the form, the chopping of a rhythmic music in melody of cadence, in sound-expression, in alliteration and assonance, and the polishing to perfect rhyme and metre. A competition between auditive and visual art and inward value and fancy, like the old competition between epics and lyrics.

Among modern essayists, I have mentioned Menno ter Braak. S. Vestdijk is one of the outstanding prose-writers and an important poet as well. Other essayists are Dirk Coster of the older generation, and E. du Perron of the younger group, not exactly twins in their expressions. And Jan Greshoff, who knows how to scold in his skits, whether it be about a critic he dislikes; about a dumb postmaster in Insulinde stopping a package of books for containing the "pornographic" French story "Batouala;" or about Jo van Ammers Küller for making herself "ambassadrice litéraire des Pays Bas" for a French group, forgetting to mention Leopold and Slauerhoff, and for praising Maurois, while Greshoff's sympathy had gone from Maurras to Proust and Gide. Jan Greshoff, the genial and honest literary go-getter, who likes a fight with anybody about anything, who also wrote beautiful poems, which he dared to make gay sometimes and humorous, in a period when they should be sad. But it isn't very Dutch to tell things straight from the stable, as he and Menno ter Braak are doing, without an additional flower to cover the piquant places.

To summarize: the important part of Dutch literature during the last half century seems to me poetry. But it is, like all good poetry, also the hardest to translate into another tongue.

September Selection of
The Catholic Book Club

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THE CRISIS OF CIVILIZATION

by HILAIRE BELLOC

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Pyroxylin Cloth—245 pgs.
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The New Books

Biography

THE WOMAN WHO ROSE AGAIN. By Gleb Botkin. Revell. 1937. $3.

This is the full story of the Anastasia case, told by Gleb Botkin, son and grandson of the personal physicians of the last three Russian Czars. Botkin tells the story of the long struggle to establish Mrs. Tschaikovsky's claim to the title of Grand Duchess Anastasia. He himself for ten years has been a foremost supporter of the lady's claims. And now, unfolding for the first time the full account of this struggle, he gives us a picture of royal intrigue and backbiting, of a secret hidden fortune, and of a fine display of royal and very Russian temperament. True or not the story he tells remains a fascinating tale. Personally this reviewer believes M. Botkin.

The author first met Mrs. Tschaikovsky at Seeon, the Bavarian castle of Duke George of Leuchtenberg, in 1927. Before that he had supposed that all of the Czar's immediate family had died along with him. So Botkin went to Seeon expecting to find an impostor. But instantly he was struck by Mrs. Tschaikovsky's remarkable personal resemblance to the young girl he had known and played with as a child years before. Her very mannerisms, her concern for recognition not from the world but only from her supposed noble relatives, and her intimate and almost subconscious knowledge of family secrets and jokes, made her convincing to him.

Realizing how dangerous was Anastasia's position in Europe where plots to discredit her and have her declared hopelessly insane were daily rumored, Botkin hastened back to America and there succeeded in checkmating a plan to have Anastasia declared an impostor and to snatch her fortune from her. The Romanov inheritance still sits in the Bank of England awaiting the day when Mrs. Tschaikovsky's claims will be finally approved or discredited.

W. P.

END OF TRACK: The Reminiscences of James H. Kyner, as told to Hawthorne Daniel. Caldwell, Ohio: The Claxton Printers Ltd. 1937. $3.

This book makes an interesting addition to first-hand pioneer records. In a simple and straightforward fashion, Hawthorne Daniel tells the experiences of James H. Kyner, a retired railroad builder, from the latter's boyhood days spent in a small Ohio village in the 1850's, through three exciting decades of construction work on pioneer railroads of the Northwest, to retirement early in the present century. Between the lines and beyond the memories of a more robust and less complex age, the socially minded reader will find material with which to compare the heydays of opportunity and rugged individualism with the present. Together, the two collaborators give a vivid and human picture of the older West, its primitive problems and working conditions. From beginning to end the book has a tang of honesty about it and that quality of description found only in the reporting of an eye-witness.

M. D.

Fiction

NIGHTLY SHE SINGS. By Edwin Olmstead. Knopf. 1937. $2.

This pallid contribution to the Hammett-and-Cain department is billed as "a blend of sentiment and sophistication, of tenderness and farce." Hollywood might buy the title and produce the blend, but the producers would have, as usual, to alter the story. As it stands, it is merely a lurid and improbable melodrama about a girl who has a row with her boy-friend, loses her temper, and lets a taxi-driver take her to a cheap clip-joint. How she gets out unscathed and makes up her lover's quarrel is worthy of "Poor But Honest, or Only a Working Girl." The style and dialogue are "modern," the setting is New York, the action takes place in one night. Grade C for the rental libraries.

E. C.

RUNAROUND. By Benjamin Appel. Dutton. 1937. $2.50.

There is interesting material in the activities of those lowest of city politicians, the west side ward-heelers, and Mr. Appel knows the vote-getting racket as well as he knows Hell's Kitchen. He has produced a good and convincing case-history of an assembly district which split off from Tammany in 1933 and worked for Fusion. (Presumably the author chose the Fusion movement to imply that the reform parties offer little hope for improvement over the methods of the Republicans and Democrats; but the story has little or no bearing on the La Guardia administration.) The book shows how the leaders knife each other for nominations, how the ward-heelers sell themselves out for the jobs which are too few to go around and which don't last long anyway. The depression has made "itchflies" of them all, and the result is disillusionment. The sympathetic characters are Sleepy Collohan, a smart Irishman with a labor-union background, and his lieutenant, Danny Englander. Sleepy is the one who gets the runaround from the political boss of the district. Sleepy and Danny are both decent, but they can't play straight in a dirty game. Mixed in with the political story are sidelights on love in the depression; petty politics won't support a family, but sex comes cheap.

"Runaround" is better as a case-history than as a novel. Mr. Appel sketches in his characters deftly, but in one plane; they are like clever line-drawings which have neither depth nor color. The situations are accurately described, but there is as little development in action as in characterization. As a result, the book, after an interesting beginning, gets a bit dull towards the middle. Once you have got the idea, there is not enough to carry you along. Characters endlessly repeat their tag-lines; whole scenes practically reproduce themselves over and over. The author explains in a preface that his "major intention is to try to show in 'Runaround' the new hopes of those millions of Americans, the forgotten men as well as the almost forgotten, for a true democratic America . . . to show the growth of this dream in the minds and hearts of such plain Americans as Sleepy Collohan, Danny Englander, and Dan's girl, Ann." As to Sleepy, all he shows is that Sleepy had compunctions about playing dirty politics, played them nevertheless, and got the runaround. With Danny and Ann, their insecure jobs, their liberal impulses, their hopes for marriage and enough money to live decently, he puts his idea across more successfully. But while Danny and Ann are human and recognizable, they are not deeply enough imagined to be as living and poignant as they might have been.

G. S.

Miscellaneous

BACKSTAGE AT THE OPERA. By Rose Heylbut and Aimé Gerber. New York: Crowell. 1937. $3.

During the past few years, the operatic broadcasts from the Metropolitan Opera House have brought about a revolution in the musical tastes of the American public. As the authors of this book put it, "From being 'scared' of opera, the American public has progressed to the point of listening to it; thence, to being curious about it"—and in this entertainingly informative volume they have set out to satisfy a large measure of this curiosity, particularly as regards the inner workings of New York's famous Opera House.

Aimé Gerber, who is paymaster of the Metropolitan, joined the House staff forty years ago, in the days of Maurice Grau, as office-boy. It was Grau who established the Metropolitan's glamorous reputation by engaging such "stars" as Emma Calvé, Emma Eames, Schumann-Heink, Nordica, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Victor Maurel, and Pol Plançon. Caruso, who belonged to the long reign of Gatti-Casazza, gets an entire chapter to himself in the section devoted to personalities of the opera.

The most interesting and valuable portion of the book is that devoted to the administrative and technical routine of the Metropolitan Opera considered as a musical "factory." The preparation, setting, shifting, and storing of scenery; the planning of the repertoire; the engagement of singers; the casting of parts; the carrying-out of complicated rehearsal schedules; the organization of tours—these and other details of administration are fully described here.

And since the human element is so much a part of opera's glamour, the authors have been generous with personal anecdotes concerning the singers and impresarios who have made operatic history at the Metropolitan. Unconventional photographs also help the reader to penetrate behind the scenes. Except for the misspelling of some names and titles, the book seems to be generally reliable.

G. C.

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

SHOW BOAT. by Edna Ferber. *Doubleday, Doran.*

WINE FROM THESE GRAPES. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. *Harpers.*

GROVER CLEVELAND. By Allan Nevins. *Dodd, Mead.*

American Travel Books

R. L. M. of Maumee, Ohio, *asks for names of American travel books covering the South, Southwest, and California.*

HAVING just returned myself from a glorious motor trip through Kansas, Colorado, Utah, and the Southwest, I fell with avidity on R. L. M.'s question. Evidently from his letter he, too, is contemplating traveling by auto—or possibly by trailer—and wants references that will be particularly useful on such a journey. Personally I think what he will get most satisfaction from are the general works of description, and such incidental literature as will give him a background for the country he will see. For instance, quite by accident I found myself when in New Mexico in Bishop's Lodge, a hotel four miles out of Santa Fe which is on the site which Willa Cather used in DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. Now there's a book worth rereading anyway and which will be specially interesting in connection with a visit to the capital of New Mexico. Then there are Mary Austin's LAND OF JOURNEY'S ENDING (Appleton-Century) for the region between the Rio Grande and the Rio Colorado, Arizona, and the western half of New Mexico, and her CALIFORNIA: LAND OF THE SUN (Houghton Mifflin) for the coast state. Aubrey Drury's CALIFORNIA: AN INTIMATE GUIDE (Harpers) is an informal manual containing history, literature, and description all woven together. Laura Adams Arner, whose juvenile, WATERLESS MOUNTAIN, which carried off a prize a year or two ago, could well be read by adults also, has a volume entitled SOUTHWEST (Longmans, Green) that is illustrated by the author's paintings and which is an interpretation of the region. Santa Fe, Taos, the Carlsbad Caves, Hoover Dam, Death Valley, etc., are covered in THE WEST IS STILL WILD (Houghton Mifflin), by Henry Carr, and the famous old route by which pioneers went out to the Southwest by Robert L. Duffus in SANTA FE TRAIL (Longmans, Green). Charles J. Finger's ADVENTURES UNDER SAPPHIRE SKIES (Morrow) and John T. Faris's SEEING THE FAR WEST (Lippincott) are other much liked books. The account of an automobile tour to which R. L. M. refers, and which he thinks may have been by Lewis Gannett, is the literary columnist's chronicle of a family jaunt entitled SWEET LAND (Doubleday, Doran). J. T. Faris has a volume entitled SEEING THE SUNNY SOUTH (Lippincott), but descriptive books on that section are few.

If R. L. M. has the time for a little extra reading he ought to try to get hold of Frederick Law Olmstead's volumes on his horseback journeys through the South made shortly before the Civil War. Though the social conditions which he describes there have long since passed away still so much of the psychology of the present South — indeed even so much of its general condition—is colored by its past that reading Olmstead's books cannot but add to understanding of and interest in the present of the section.

If R. L. M. is contemplating a motor tour he will be wise to gather in from filling stations or hotels the folders which in addition to maps so frequently contain description and historical material. The railroads and bus lines especially have leaflets of the sort that are useful, and Chambers of Commerce of towns of size can furnish pamphlets containing historical and statistical matter. The national parks all distribute booklets written by experts, which present in addition to factual information direction as to trails, special points of interest, etc.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 177)

HARRIET B. STOWE—
"OLDTOWN FOLKS."

These dear, good souls who wear their life out for you, insist on the privilege of seeking your happiness by thwarting you in everything you want to do, and putting their will instead of yours in every step of your life.

The Works of Sara Teasdale

M. B. H. of Dorchester, Mass., *wants a list of the complete works of Sara Teasdale in the order of their publication; to know whether there are others to be published, and where, outside of* Authors Today and Yesterday, *the Encyclopedia, etc., biographical material on her can be obtained.*

To take the last part of the question first. THE DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY (Scribners) contains an authoritative article on Miss Teasdale by the late Harriet Monroe, a footnote to which states that information on the poet can be had from John Hall Wheelock or her sister. Macmillan issues a pamphlet on Miss Teasdale which is sent free on request. The publishers, also, have announced for publication on September 28 THE COLLECTED POEMS OF SARA TEASDALE which will contain presumably everything of the poet's that is to see the light. It will include her early book, SONNETS TO DUSE, now long out of print and unavailable. That was the first volume published by Miss Teasdale; her other books came in the following order: RIVERS TO THE SEA (1915), LOVE SONGS (1917), FLAME TO SHADOW (1920), DARK OF THE MOON (1926), and STRANGE VICTORY, published posthumously in 1933. In addition two anthologies appeared, THE ANSWERING VOICE (1917) and RAINBOW GOLD (1922).

Good Reading

A. W. B. of Pomona, N. Y., *has just been reading the works of Mary Webb, and wants to know if there is no other novelist whose books she might find equally enthralling.*

If she hasn't read Ellen Glasgow with any consistency I suggest that she turn to her with perhaps BARREN GROUND (Doubleday, Doran) as the book to start with, and next the delightful series beginning with THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS. No one of our novelists makes more rewarding reading, is a keener student of social manners, a more coruscating and yet sympathetic critic, or a more witty and polished writer.

Does Any One Know?

J. B. L. of Cleveland, Ohio, *writes:*

"I have on hand a book on James Reed Spalding, an erudite journalist who traveled extensively through Europe during the revolutionary activities of 1848-49 as a foreign correspondent for the *Morning Courier and New York Enquirer.* He was one of the founders of the *New York World* in 1860, and the following year became an editor of the *New York Times.* Following the Civil War he traveled throughout the South during the Reconstruction Period, but whether he wrote anything of his observations I have no knowledge. In 1866 he had a rather hair-raising experience when stranded on an island in the Red River, as a result of which he died in 1872.

"All the references which I have sought about Spalding are quite meager. I should therefore be glad to have whatever matter you can unearth bearing on his life and work."

Provocative essays on Shakespeare, Jonson, Spenser, and Milton—

POETS AND PLAYWRIGHTS

By ELMER EDGAR STOLL

"One of the best connoisseurs not only of Elizabethan but also of world literature speaks to us in these essays." — *Wolfgang Keller* in the *Shakespeare-Jahrbuch.* $3.00

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

SUBSTITUTE Quercus has been much interested to observe that the English publisher Victor Gollancz leads off his fall catalogue with two American novels. Of the first, *Action in Aquila,* he says only that it is "by Hervey Allen, author of the world-famous *Anthony Adverse* of which more than 850,000 copies were sold in England and U. S. A." As to Elmer Rice's *Imperial City* Mr. Gollancz is less laconic. He draws a deep breath and inquires, "How are we to convey the amazing vitality, the unflagging power of invention, the extraordinary creation of character, and the deep understanding of life in its many phases which have gone into the making of this great novel?" and so on for almost two pages of enthusiasm.

☞Alfred A. Knopf has had to postpone the publication of Lawrence E. Watkins's *On Borrowed Time,* of which S. Q. hears excellent reports, from August 30 to September 7. The booksellers apparently are fans for it and in order that there may be an equitable distribution of "firsts" among them a second edition of 5000 copies is to be printed and the first prorated according to the total quantity ordered. ☞The staid Oxford University Press is, for all its decorum, full of life and energy. Poor old Substitute Quercus, who can no longer read a telephone book without glasses, was alarmed today when its publicity sheet came in with a piece of microfilm attached lest no amount of projection would ever make its contents legible to him. But even the diminutive magnifying glass he had at hand, one of the thumbnail size, folding variety which a geologist had long ago bestowed upon him, rendered the type legible, so he no longer doubts that when properly accompanied by a reading machine, film books will be all that is claimed for them. Oxford is going to supply them when anyone wants a publication of the press that is otherwise unavailable. Henceforth none of its books will go out of print; they will become instead "available on microfilm" only. . . . Incidentally S. Q. hears that all of the leases, deeds, and mortgages in Texas, now slumbering in vaults, are being microfilmed on a few thousand feet of film, and will soon be obtainable by banks, trust companies, and oil companies. S. Q. doesn't quite see the importance of the fact to literature, though perhaps some novelist, gathering together as much data to equip himself for writing as Mr. Lewis collected preparatory to producing *Work of Art,* will find the material useful. ☞The good old Cheney report over which the book world was so excited a few years ago made among its recommendations several which the Thomas Y. Crowell Company is now about to incorporate into the cost accounting system which it is installing.

☞And what about the World's Fair? There was a movement on foot some time ago to set aside a sector of it to the glory of literature, but S. Q. who ate an excellent lunch in behalf of the idea has heard nothing further in regard to it. In the meanwhile the Times Book Fair for 1937 is beginning to cast its shadow before it. ☞The H. W. Wilson Company, which publishes works of reference without which no librarian could answer half the questions addressed to him, has just issued the Third Supplement to the *Standard Catalog for Public Libraries.* The fourth and last cumulated supplement to the 1934 edition will be published a year from now, and in 1939 a good time will be had by all because then a revised and enlarged edition of the whole work will appear. Literature under the big tent. And that's the World's Fair Year, too.

☞Appleton-Century lists 44 titles by Edith Wharton, covering a period of 41 years—from *The Decoration of Houses* (1897), written in collaboration with Ogden Codman, Jr., to her last book, *Ghosts,* which will be published this fall. *Ghosts* is an omnibus volume of Mrs. Wharton's ghost stories, including a preface on the genre of the supernatural. Mrs. Wharton completed the reading of the proofs before her death.

☞Little, Brown digs up a timely quotation from Burton Hendrick's *Bulwark of the Republic:* "Judges are commonly chosen because they are 'right.' Washington and Adams appointed only Federalists; Jefferson and Madison ostentatiously chose only Democrats; and Jackson and all his successors have commonly looked to their political followers for candidates."

☞Q's recent comment on the list of books read by Antioch College students and the reply to it by Mrs. Wallace Patterson of Evanston (*Trade Winds,* July 31) with its query, "Aren't your librarians a bit innocent?" has called worth the following response from Mr. Paul Bixler, librarian of Antioch College: "Your column," he writes, "is not ordinarily one of controversy, but I can not refrain from indignantly refuting Mrs. Wallace Patterson's aspersion on my sophistication. I am not only a librarian but also a father and an uncle, and in drawing up the figures originally I excluded all titles but those which were read for recreational purposes."

☞S. Q. is much interested in the announcement that the current March of Time sequence, which during the next four months will be shown in 7,800 theatres throughout the country, is to contain a forecast of the book entitled *If War Come,* by Major R. Ernest Dupuy and George Fielding Eliot, which Macmillan is to publish in October. The public that has so long been taught to regard the next war as one likely to wipe out civilization can take heart from this volume, for its authors set themselves against the popular belief that airplanes, tanks, and poison gas will make defense impossible and address themselves to showing how protective measures have kept pace with destructive. Pictures of the authors, photographs of the book itself, and an exposition of its thesis is worked into the movie sequence. ☞Random House has brought out the delightful Babar books for children in a set of four small volumes at a dollar each. Do your Christmas shopping early.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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REFINED dependable European French lady desires good position as companion. Drive; nice personality; can teach. Box 181-C.

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STRUGGLING but happy male author, college bred, wants position with book publisher, magazine, or be secretary to established author. Box 183-C.

GENTLEMAN, thirty-fively, New Yorker, interested Russian literature, art, music, ballet, would welcome correspondence with congenial lady of similar tastes. Box 184-C.

GENTLEWOMAN of middle age wishes position as companion or supervising housekeeper in family of one or two, in, or near Boston. Understands household management. Salary not important. Change of environment and opportunity to conserve personal income her object. Banker's endorsement. Box 185-C.

EUROPEAN MALE, 48, unpolitical, undogmatic, unserious, unidealistic, unreserved, unattached, modesty forbids fanfaronading positives, desires letter from tolerant, fanciful, fortyish, unencumbered New York woman, highest ideals no obstacle. Box 186-C.

ARDENT HORSEMAN vacation September 12-25th wants two weeks of horses anywhere east or south. Expense a factor. Box 89, Bedford, Penna.

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PERSONALS

YOUNG MAN, 27, seeks intellectual correspondence in Manhattan. Box 187-C.

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Double-Crostics: No. 178

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

■	■	■	■	1-H	2-F	3-W	■	4-P	5-L	6-U	■	7-O	8-B	9-D	■	10-G
11-T	12-S	13-O	14-N	■	15-F	16-P	17-K	■	18-M	19-W	20-R	■	21-B	22-E	23-W	24-V
25-Q	26-G	■	27-F	28-K	29-A	■	30-F	31-N	32-J	■	33-B	34-E	35-D	■	36-S	37-I
38-G	39-T	40-M	■	41-K	42-C	■	43-I	44-A	45-G	46-S	47-V	■	48-J	49-C	50-W	■
51-W	52-N	53-U	54-D	■	55-I	56-G	57-R	58-K	59-V	60-U	61-T	■	62-I	63-B	64-H	65-M
■	66-E	67-L	68-P	69-M	■	70-R	71-B	72-L	■	73-A	74-Q	75-V	76-E	■	77-F	78-B
79-E	■	80-S	81-C	82-K	83-D	84-B	85-W	86-Q	87-H	■	88-H	89-N	90-G	91-U	92-V	93-C
■	94-G	95-T	96-Q	97-R	98-J	99-O	100-R	101-S	■	102-D	103-B	104-P	■	105-J	106-D	107-I
108-O	109-H	110-T	111-E	■	112-E	113-C	■	114-G	115-R	116-T	117-K	118-J	119-A	120-S	■	121-Q
122-V	123-H	124-T	125-P	126-W	■	127-R	128-H	129-K	130-B	131-N	■	132-V	133-Q	134-D	135-G	136-U
137-F	■	138-O	139-K	140-L	■	141-H	142-E	■	143-V	144-N	145-A	146-I	147-U	148-P	149-O	■
150-V	151-E	152-S	153-A	154-Q	■	155-I	156-N	■	157-C	158-L	159-O	160-T	161-J	162-G	163-D	■
164-E	165-C	■	166-S	167-R	168-H	169-L	170-N	171-W	172-C	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Outing at public cost (U. S.).
B. Relating to the ancient Greek underworld.
C. Character in "Henry IV."
D. Faint wish or inclination.
E. Act or art of great-circle sailing.
F. Refusal, denial.
G. Set apart.
H. Slogan; cue.
I. Indulged by compliant treatment.
J. Enclose, incarcerate.
K. Welcome with joyous cries.
L. Opera by Charpentier.
M. Existence (Latin).
N. Sensation of cold.
O. Gadget, contrivance (colloq.).
P. Of bad disposition (colloq.).
Q. One of the planets.
R. Concoction of mixed pickles.
S. Devotee of the beautiful.
T. Rescued from bondage.
U. First wife of Adam.
V. Furious assault.
W. Definite disclosure.

WORDS

A. 73 29 153 119 44 145
B. 130 8 33 103 84 78 71 21 63
C. 165 81 157 93 172 49 42 113
D. 134 35 54 83 9 106 102 163
E. 164 151 76 34 142 79 22 112 66 111
F. 2 77 27 137 30 15
G. 10 38 90 94 135 114 45 162 56 26
H. 64 1 141 109 128 123 168 88 87
I. 146 155 107 62 55 37 43
J. 118 48 105 98 161 32
K. 58 17 117 139 129 82 28 41
L. 140 67 169 158 72 5
M. 65 18 40 69
N. 31 131 89 170 144 156 52 14
O. 13 108 99 149 159 138 7
P. 16 68 148 104 125 4
Q. 96 133 121 154 74 25 86
R. 57 167 97 20 100 70 115 127
S. 152 101 36 166 80 12 46 120
T. 110 11 39 95 124 61 160 116
U. 136 147 53 60 6 91
V. 122 143 75 132 59 24 150 47 92
W. 126 171 19 51 3 23 85 50

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